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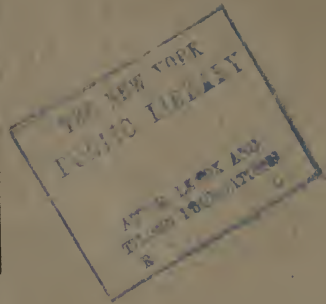
Vol. VI.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

—
WILLIAM MORRIS



LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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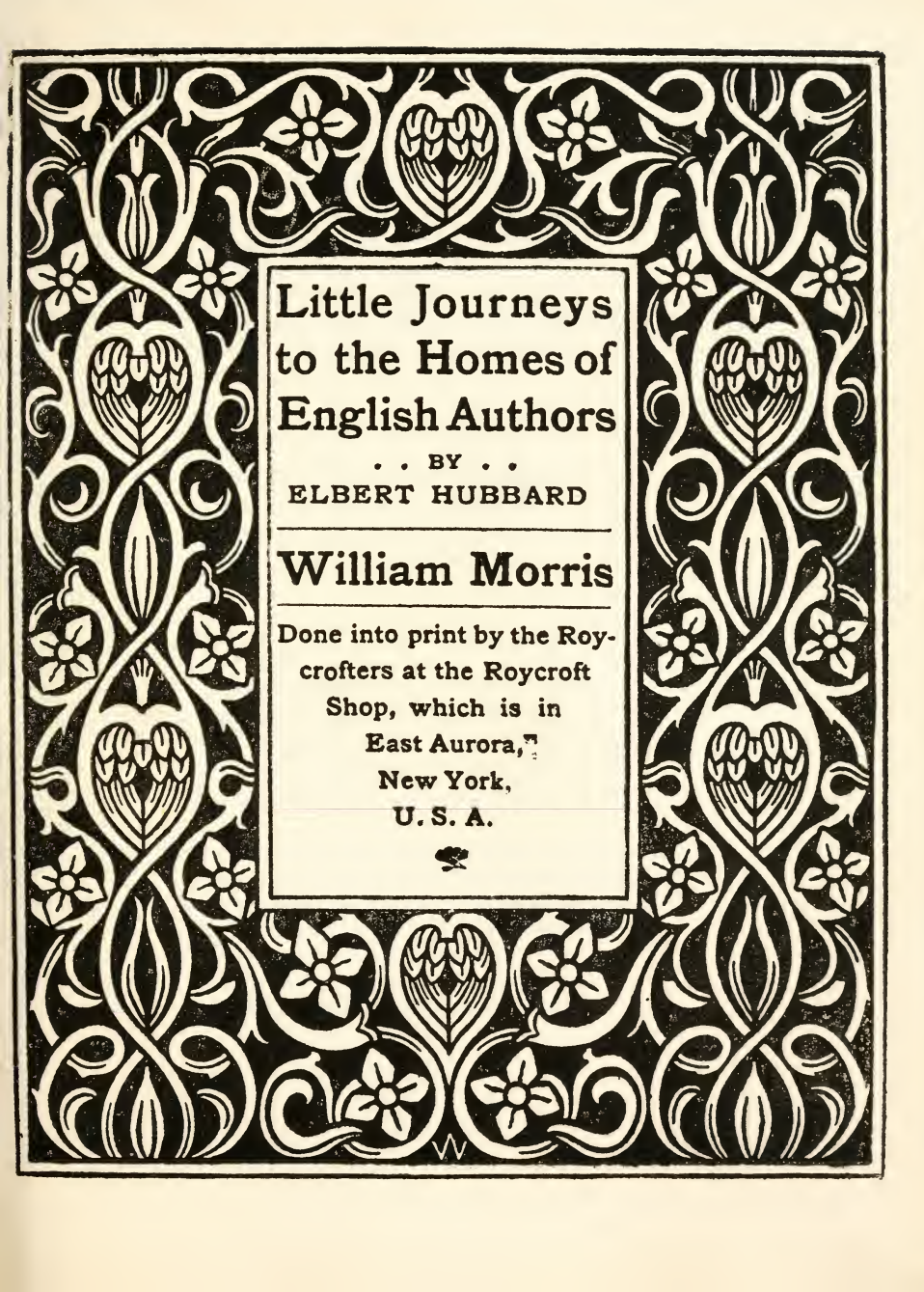
☞ The subjects will be as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1 William Morris | 7 Macaulay |
| 2 Robert Browning | 8 Byron |
| 3 Tennyson | 9 Addison |
| 4 Robert Burns | 10 Southey |
| 5 John Milton | 11 Coleridge |
| 6 Samuel Johnson | 12 Disraeli |

☞ One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st. Hereafter the JOURNEYS will be issued by the Roycrofters, instead of G. P. Putnam's Sons, as usual. The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1900 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type is a new set of antique blackletter. The initials were designed especially for the work by Mr. Samuel Warner (honest type-caster). The paper is hand-made, Roycroft star-mark. The booklets will be stitched by hand with silk. A photogravure portrait on Japanese vellum will accompany each booklet as a free gift.

☞ The price of these booklets is twenty-five cents each, or \$3.00 for the volume.

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, N. Y.



**Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors**

... BY ...
ELBERT HUBBARD

William Morris

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora,^{NY}
New York,
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THE IDLE SINGER.

From "The Earthly Paradise."

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall we forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,—
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear,
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From a poor singer of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS



WILLIAM MORRIS


HE parents of William Morris were well-to-do people who lived in the village of Wathamstow, Essex. The father was a London bill broker, cool-headed, calculating & intensely practical. In the home of his parents William Morris surely received small impulse in the direction of art; he, however, was taught how to make both ends meet, and there were drilled into his character many good lessons of plain common sense—a rather unusual equipment for a poet, but still one that should not be waived nor considered lightly. At the village school William was neither precocious nor dull, neither black nor white: his cosmos being simply a sort of slatey-gray, which attracted no special attention from schoolfellows or tutors.

From the village school he went to Marlborough Academy, where by patient grubbing he fitted himself for Exeter College, Oxford.

Morris the elder, proved his good sense by taking no very special interest in the boy's education:—violence of direction in education falls flat:

WILLIAM MORRIS man is a lonely creature, and has to work out his career in his own way. To help the grub spin its cocoon is quite unnecessary, and to play the part of Mrs. Gamp with the butterfly in its chrysalis stage is to place a quietus upon its career. The whole science of modern education is calculated to turn out a good, fairish, commonplace article ; but the formula for a genius remains a secret with Deity. The great man becomes great in spite of teachers and parents ; and his near kinsmen, being color-blind, usually pooh-pooh the idea that he is anything more than mediocre.

♣ At Oxford, William Morris fell in with a young man of about his own age by the name of Edward Burne-Jones. Burne-Jones was studying theology. He was slender in stature, dreamy, spiritual, poetic. Morris was a giant in strength, blunt in speech, bold in manner, and had a shock of hair like a lion's mane.

This was in the year 1853—these young men being nineteen years of age. The slender, yellow, dreamy student of theology and the ruddy athlete became fast friends 

“ Send your sons to college and the boys will educate them,” said Emerson. These boys read poetry together ; and it seems the first author that specially attracted them was Mrs. Browning ; & she attracted them simply because she had recently eloped with the man she loved. This fact proved to Morris that she was a worthy woman and a discerning. She had the courage of his convictions. To elope with a poor poet, leaving a rich

father and a luxurious home—what nobler ambition? **WILLIAM**
Burne-Jones, student of theology, considered her ac- **MORRIS** ♣
tion proof of depravity. Morris, in order to show his
friend that Mrs. Browning was really a rare and gentle
soul, read aloud to Burne-Jones from her books. In
fact, Morris himself had never read much of Mrs.
Browning's work, but in championing her cause and in-
teresting his friend in her, he himself grew interested.
Like lawyers, we champion a cause first and look for
proof later. In teaching another, Morris taught himself.
By explaining a theme it becomes luminous to us.

In passing, it is well to note that this impulse in the
heart of William Morris to come to the defense of an
accused person was ever very strong. His defense of
Mrs. Browning led straight to "The Defense of Guin-
evere," begun while at Oxford and printed in book form
in his twenty-fourth year. Not that the offenses of
Guinevere and Elizabeth Barrett were parallel, but
Morris was by nature a defender of women. And it
should further be noted that Tennyson had not yet
written his "Idylls of the King," at the time Morris
wrote his poetic brief.

Another author that these young men took up at this
time was Ruskin. John Ruskin was fifteen years older
than Morris—an Oxford man, too,—also the son of a
merchant and rich by inheritance. Ruskin's natural in-
dependence, his ability for original thinking and his ac-
tion in embracing the cause of Turner, the ridiculed,
won the heart of Morris. In Ruskin he found a

WILLIAM writer who expressed the thoughts that he believed.

MORRIS ♣ He read Ruskin, and insisted that Burne-Jones should. Together they read "The Nature of Gothic," and then they went out upon the streets of Oxford & studied examples at first hand. They compared the old with the new & came to the conclusion that the buildings erected two centuries before had various points to recommend them which modern buildings had not. The modern buildings were built by contractors, while the old ones were constructed by men who had all the time there was, and so they worked out their conceptions of the eternal fitness of things.

Then these young men, with several others, drew up a remonstrance against "the desecration by officious restoration, & the tearing down of time-mellowed structures to make room for the unsightly brick piles of boarding-house keepers."

The remonstrance was sent in to the authorities, and by them duly pigeon-holed, with a passing remark that young fellows sent to Oxford to be educated had better attend to their books and mind their own business.

Having espoused the cause of the Middle Ages in architecture, these young men began to study the history of the people who lived in the olden time. They read Spenser and Chaucer, and chance threw in their way a dog-eared copy of Malory's "Morte D' Arthur," & this was still more dog-eared when they were through with it. Probably no book ever made more of an impression on Morris than this one; and if he had written an ar-

title for the "Ladies' Home Journal" on "Books that **WILLIAM**
Influenced Me Most," he would have placed Malory's **MORRIS** ♣
"Morte D' Arthur" first.

The influence of Burne-Jones on Morris was marked, and the influence of Morris on Burne-Jones was profound. Morris discovered himself in explaining things to Burne-Jones, and Burne-Jones, without knowing it, adopted the opinions of Morris; and it was owing to Morris that he gave up theology.

Having abandoned the object that led him to college, Burne-Jones lost faith in Oxford, and went down to London to study art.

Morris hung on, secured his B. A. and articulated himself to a local architect with the firm intent of stopping the insane drift for modern mediocrity, and bringing about a just regard for the stately dignity of the Gothic.

A few months' experience, however, and he discovered that an apprentice to an architect was not expected to furnish plans nor even criticise those already made: his business was to make detailed drawings from completed designs for the contractors to work from.

A year at architecture, with odd hours filled in at poetry and art, and news came from Burne-Jones that he had painted a picture, and sold it for ten pounds.

Now Morris had all the money he needed. His father's prosperity was at flood, & he had but to hint for funds and they came, yet to make things with your own hands and sell them was the true test of success.

He had written "Gertha's Lovers," "The Tale of the

WILLIAM MORRIS "Hollow Land," and various poems and essays for the college magazines ; & his book, "The Defense of Guinevere," had been issued at his own expense, and the edition was on his hands—a heavy weight.

Thoreau wrote to his friends, when the house burned and destroyed all copies of his first book, "The edition is exhausted," but no such happiness came to Morris. And so when glad tidings of an artistic success came from Burne-Jones, he resolved to follow the lead and abandon architecture for "pure art."

Arriving in London he placed himself under the tutorship of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a poet, dreamer & artist six years his senior, whom he had known for some time, and who had also instructed Burne-Jones.

While taking lessons in painting at the rather shabby house of Rossetti in Portland Street, he was introduced to Rossetti's favorite model—a young woman of rare grace and beauty. Rossetti had painted her picture as "The Blessed Damozel," leaning over the bar of Heaven, while the stars in her hair were seven. Morris the impressionable fell in love with the canvas and then the woman.

When they were married, tradition has it, that Rossetti withheld his blessing & sought to drown his sorrow in fomentations, with dark, dank hints in baritone to the effect that the Thames only could appreciate his grief.

But grief is transient ; and for many years Rossetti and Burne-Jones pictured the tall, willowy figure of Mrs.

Morris as the dream-woman, on tapestry and canvas; WILLIAM and as the "Blessed Virgin," her beautiful face and MORRIS ♣ form are shown in many sacred places.

Truth need not be distorted in a frantic attempt to make this an ideal marriage—only a woman with the intellect of Minerva could have filled the restless heart of William Morris. But the wife of Morris believed in her lord, and never sought to hamper him, and if she failed at times to comprehend his genius it was only because she was human. Possibly she could not throw her net over a sublime idea, but surely she was not a vampire.

♣ Whistler once remarked that without Mrs. Morris to supply stained glass attitudes and the lissome beauty of an angel, the Pre-Raphaelites would have long since gone down to dust and forgetfulness.



HE year which William Morris spent at architecture, he considered as nearly a waste of time, but it was not so in fact. As a draughtsman he had developed a marvelous skill, and the grace and sureness of his lines were a delight to Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown and others of the little artistic circle in which he found himself.

Youth lays great plans; youth is always in revolt against the present order; youth groups itself in bands and swears eternal fealty; and life, which is change,

WILLIAM MORRIS ♣ dissipates the plans, subdues the revolt into conformity, & the sworn friendships fade away into dull indifference.

Always? Well, no, not exactly. In this instance the plans and dreams found form; the revolt was a revolution that succeeded; and the brotherhood existed for near fifty years and then was severed only by death. Without going into a history of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, it will be noted that the band of enthusiasts in art, literature and architecture had been swung by the arguments and personality of William Morris into the strong current of his own belief, and this was that Art and Life in the Middle Ages were much lovelier things than they are now.

That being so, we should go back to medieval times for our patterns. A study of the best household decoration of the Fifteenth Century showed that all the furniture used then was made to fit a certain apartment, and with a definite purpose in view. Of course it was made by hand, and the loving marks of the tool were upon it ♣ It was made as good and strong and durable as it could be made. Floors and walls were of mosaic or polished wood, and these were partially covered by beautifully woven rugs, skins and tapestries. The ceilings were sometimes ornamented with pictures painted in harmony with the use for which the room was designed. Certainly there were no chromos, and the pictures were few and these of the best, for the age was essentially a critical one.

A modest circular was issued in which the fact was

made known that, "A company of historical artists will use their talents in home decoration."

WILLIAM
MORRIS ♣

Dealers into whose hands this circular fell, smiled in derision, & the announcement made no splash in England's artistic waters. But the leaven was at work which was bound to cause a revolution in the tastes of fifty million people.

Most of our best moves are accidents, and every good thing begins as something else. In the beginning there was no expectation of building up a trade or making a financial success of the business. The idea was simply that the eight young men who composed the band were to use their influence in helping each other to secure commissions, and corroborate the views of doubting patrons as to what was art & what not. In other words, they were to stand by each other. Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones & Arthur Hughes were painters; Philip Webb an architect; Peter Paul Marshall a landscape gardener and engineer: Charles Joseph Faulkner, an Oxford don, was a designer, and William Morris was an all 'round artist—ready to turn his hand to anything.


These men undertook to furnish a home from garret to cellar in an artistic way.

Work came and each set himself to help all the others. From simply supplying designs for furniture, rugs, carpets and wall paper they began to manufacture these things, simply because they could not buy or get others to make the things they desired.

WILLIAM MORRIS undertook the entire executive charge of affairs, and mastered the details of half a dozen trades in order that he might intelligently conduct the business. The one motto of the firm was "Not how cheap, but how good." They insisted that housekeeping must be simplified, and that we should have fewer things and have them better. To this end single pieces of furniture were made and all sets of furniture discarded. I have seen several houses furnished entire by William Morris, and the first thing that impressed me was the sparsity of things. Instead of a dozen pictures in a room there were two or three—one on an easel and one or two on the walls. Gilt frames were abandoned almost entirely and dark stained woods were used instead. Wide fireplaces were introduced & mantels of solid oak. For upholstery, leather covering was generally used instead of cloth. Carpets were laid in strips, not tacked down to stay, and rugs were laid so as to show a goodly glimpse of hard-wood floor; and in the dining room a large round table was placed instead of a right angle square one. This table was not covered with a tablecloth; mats or doilies being used here and there. To cover a table entire with a cloth or spread, was pretty good proof that the piece of furniture was cheap and shabby; so in no William Morris library or dining room would you find a table entirely covered. The round dining table is in very general use now, but few people realize how its plainness was scouted when William Morris first introduced it.

One piece of William Morris furniture has become decidedly popular in America, and that is the "Morris Chair." The first chair of this pattern was made entirely by the hands of the master. It was built by a man who understood anatomy, unlike most chairs and all church pews. It was also strong, durable, ornamental and by a simple device the back could be adjusted so as to fit a man's every mood.

✿ There has been a sad degeneracy among William Morris chairs; still, good ones can be obtained, nearly as excellent as the one in which I rested at Kelmscott House—broad, deep, massive, upholstered with curled hair, & covered with leather that would delight a book-binder. Such a chair can be used a generation and then passed on to the heirs.

Furnishing of churches and chapels led naturally to the making of stained glass windows, & hardly a large city of Christendom but has an example of the Morris work 

Morris managed to hold that erratic genius, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in line and direct his efforts, which of itself was a feat worthy of record. He made a fortune for Rossetti, who was a child in this world's affairs, and he also made a fortune for himself and every man connected with the concern.

Burne-Jones stood by the ship manfully and proved his good sense by never interfering with the master's plans, or asking foolish, quibbling questions,—showing faith on all occasions.

WILLIAM MORRIS The Morris designs for wall paper, tapestry, cretonnes and carpets are now the property of the world, but to say just which is a William Morris design and which a Burne-Jones is an impossibility, for these two strong men worked together as one being with two heads and four hands. At one time, I find the firm of Morris & Co. had three thousand hands employed in its various manufactories, the work in most instances being done by hand and after the manner of the olden time.

William Morris was an avowed socialist long before so many men began to grow fond of calling themselves Christian Socialists. Morris was too practical not to know that the time is not ripe for life on a communal basis, but in his heart was a high and holy idea that he has partially explained in his books, "A Dream of John Ball," and "News from Nowhere," and more fully in many lectures. His sympathy was ever with the workingman and those who grind fordone at the wheel of labor. To better the condition of the toiler was his sincere desire.

There is one criticism that has been constantly brought against Morris, and although he answered this criticism a thousand times during his life, it still springs fresh—put forth by little men who congratulate themselves on having scored a point.

They ask in orotund, "How could William Morris expect to benefit society at large, when all of the products he manufactured were so high in price that only the rich could buy them?"

Socialism, according to William Morris, does not consider it desirable to supply cheap stuff to anybody. The socialist aims to make every manufactured article of the best quality possible. It is not how cheap can this be made but how good. Make it as excellent as it can be made to serve its end. Then sell it at a price that affords something more than a bare existence to the workmen who put their lives into its formation. In this way you raise the status of the worker—you pay him for his labor and give him an interest and pride in the product. Cheap products make cheap men. The first thought of socialism is for the worker who makes the thing, not the man who buys it.

And so I will answer the questions of the critics as to how society has been benefited by, say, a William Morris book :

- 1.—The workmen who made it found a pride and satisfaction in their work.
- 2.—They received a goodly reward in cash for their time and efforts.
- 3.—The buyers were pleased with their purchase, and received a decided satisfaction in its possession.
- 4.—Readers of the book were gratified to see their author clothed in such fitting and harmonious dress.
- 5.—Reading the text has instructed some ; and possibly inspired a few to nobler thinking.

After " The Defense of Guinevere " was published, it was thirteen years before Morris issued another volume. His days had been given to art and the work of

WILLIAM MORRIS management. But now the business had gotten on to such a firm basis that he turned the immediate supervision over to others and took two days of the week, Saturday and Sunday, for literature.

Taking up the active work of literature when thirty-seven years of age, he followed it with the zest of youth for twenty years—until death claimed him.

William Morris thought literature should be the product of the ripened mind—the mind that knows the world of men & which has grappled with earth's problems; and in this he had the strong corroboration of several philosophers. He also considered that letters should not be a profession in itself—to make a business of an art is to degrade it. Literature should be the spontaneous output of the mind that has known and felt. To work the mine of spirit as a business and sift its product for hire, is to overwork the vein and palm off slag for useful metal. Shakespeare was a theatre manager, Milton a secretary, Bobby Burns a farmer, Lamb a book-keeper, Wordsworth a government employee, Emerson a lecturer, Hawthorne a custom-house inspector & Whitman a clerk. William Morris was a

workingman and manufacturer,—and would have been Poet Laureate of England had he been willing to call himself a student of sociology instead of a socialist.

Socialism itself (whatever it may be) is not offensive
—the word is.



ONCE upon a day the great American Apostle of Negation expressed a regret that he had not been consulted when the Universe was being planned, otherwise he would have arranged to make good things catching instead of bad.

WILLIAM
MORRIS ♣

The remark tokened a slight lesion in the logic of the Apostle, for good things are now, & ever have been, infectious.

♣ Once upon a day, I met a young man who told me that he was exposed at Kelmscott House for a brief hour, and caught it, and ever after there were in his mind, thoughts, feelings, emotions and ideals that were not there before. Possibly the psychologist would explain that the spores of all these things were simply sleeping, awaiting the warmth and sunshine of some peculiar presence to start them into being, but of that I cannot speak—this only I know, that the young man said to me, "Whereas I was once blind, I now see."

♣ William Morris was a giant in physical strength and a giant in intellect. His nature was intensely masculine in that he could plan and act without thought of precedent. Never was a man more emancipated from the trammels of convention and custom than William Morris ♣

Kelmscott House at Hammersmith is in an ebb-tide district where once wealth and fashion held sway; but

WILLIAM MORRIS now the vicinity is given over to factories, tenement houses and all that train of evil and vice that follow in the wake of faded gentility.

At Hammersmith you will see spacious old mansions used as warehouses; others as boarding houses; still others converted into dance halls with beer gardens in the rear, where once bloomed and blossomed milady's flower beds.

The broad stone steps and wide hallways and iron fences, with glimpses now and then of ancient door-plates or more ancient knockers, tell of generations turned to dust.

Just why William Morris, the poet and lover of harmony, should have selected this locality for a home is quite beyond the average ken. Certainly it mystified the fashionable literary world of London with whom he never kept goose-step, but that still kept track of him—for fashion has a way of patronizing genius—and some of his old friends wrote him asking where Hammersmith was, & others expressed doubts as to its existence. I had no difficulty in taking the right train for Hammersmith, but once there, no one seemed to have ever heard of the Kelmscott Press. When I inquired, grave misgivings seemed to arise as to whether the press referred to was a cider press, a wine press or a press for "cracklings."

Finally I discovered a man—a workingman—whose face beamed at the mention of William Morris. Later I found that if a man knew William Morris, his heart

throbbed at the mention of his name, and he at once grew voluble and confidential and friendly. It was the "Open Sesame." And if a person did not know William Morris, he simply did n't, and that was all there was about it.

**WILLIAM
MORRIS** †

But the man I met knew "Th' Ole Man," which was the affectionate title used by all the hundreds and thousands who worked with William Morris. And to prove that he knew him, when I asked that he should direct me to the Upper Mall, he simply insisted on going with me. Moreover, he told a needless lie and declared he was on his way there, although when we met he was headed in the other direction. By a devious walk of half a mile we reached the high iron fence of Kelmscott House. We arrived amid a florid description of the Icelandic Sagas as told by my new-found friend and interpreted by the Th' Ole Man. My friend had not read the Sagas, but still he recommended them; and so we passed through the wide open gates & up the stone walk to the entrance of Kelmscott House.

On the threshold we met Mr. F. S. Ellis & Mr. Emery Walker, who addressed my companion as "Tom." I knew Mr. Ellis slightly and also had met Mr. Walker, who works Rembrandt miracles with a camera.

Mr. Ellis was deep in seeing the famous "Chaucer" through the press, & Mr. Walker had a print to show, so we turned aside, past a great pile of paper in crates that cluttered the hallway, and entered the library. There, leaning over the long, oaken table, in shirt-

WILLIAM MORRIS ♣ sleeves, was the master. Who could mistake that great shaggy head, the tangled beard, and frank, open-eyed look of boyish animation?

The man was sixty and more, but there was no appearance of age in eye, complexion, form or gesture—only the whitened hair! He greeted me as if we always had known each other, and Ellis and piles of Chaucer proof led straight to Professor Child of Harvard, whose work Ellis criticised and Morris upheld. They fell into a hot argument, which was even continued as we walked across the street to the Doves Bindery ♣ The Doves Bindery, as all good men know, is managed by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who married one of the two daughters of Richard Cobden of Corn-Law fame 🌿

Just why Mr. Sanderson, the lawyer, should have borrowed his wife's maiden name and made it legally a part of his own, I do not know. Anyway I quite like the idea of linking one's name with that of the woman he loves, especially when it has been so honored by the possessor as the name of Cobden.

Cobden-Sanderson caught the rage for beauty from William Morris, and began to bind books for his own pleasure. Morris contended that any man who could bind books as beautifully as Cobden-Sanderson should not waste his time with law. Cobden-Sanderson talked it over with his wife, and she being a most sensible woman agreed with William Morris. So Cobden-Sanderson, acting on the suggestion of Th' Ole Man, rent-

ed the time-mellowed mansion next door to the old **WILLIAM** house occupied by the Kelmscott Press and went to **MORRIS** work binding books.

When we were once inside of the Bindery, the Chaucerian argument between Mr. Ellis and Th' Ole Man shifted off into a wrangle with Cobden-Sanderson. I could not get the drift of it exactly—it seemed to be the continuation of some former quarrel, about an oak leaf or something. Anyway, Th' Ole Man silenced his opponent by smothering his batteries—all of which will be better understood when I explain that Th' Ole Man was large in stature, bluff, bold & strong-voiced, whereas Cobden-Sanderson is small, red-headed, meek, and wears bicycle trousers.

The argument, however, was not quite so serious an affair as I at first supposed, for it all ended in a laugh and easily ran off into a quiet debate as to the value of Imperial Japan vs. Whatman.

We walked through the various old parlors that now do duty as workrooms for bright-eyed girls, then over through the Kelmscott Press, and from this to another old mansion that had on its door a brass plate so polished and repolished, like a machine-made sonnet too much gone over, that one can scarcely make out its intent. Finally I managed to trace the legend, "The Seasons." I was told it was here that Thomson, the poet, wrote his book. Once back in the library of Kelmscott House, Mr. Ellis and Th' Ole Man leaned over the great oaken table and renewed, in a gentler

WILLIAM MORRIS key, the question as to whether Professor Child was justified in his construction of the Third Canto of the "Canterbury Tales." Under cover of the smoke I quietly disappeared with Mr. Cockerill, the Secretary, for a better view of the Kelmscott Press.

This was my first interview with William Morris. By chance I met him once again for a few moments, some days after, at the shop of Emery Walker in Clifford Court, Strand. I had been told on divers occasions by various persons that William Morris had no sympathy for American art and small respect for our literature. I am sure this was not wholly true, for on this occasion he told me he had read "Huckleberry Finn," and

doted on "Uncle Remus." He also spoke with af-

fection and feeling of Walt Whitman, and

told me that he had read every printed

word that Emerson had written. And

further he congratulated me on

the success of my book,

"Songs from Vaga-

bondia."





HE housekeeping world seems to have been in thrall to six hair-cloth chairs, a slippery sofa to match, & a very cold, marble-top center table, from the beginning of this century down to comparatively recent times.

In all the best homes there was also a marble mantel to match the center table ; on one end of this mantel was a blue glass vase containing a bouquet of paper roses, and on the other a plaster-Paris cat. Above the mantel hung a wreath of wax flowers in a glass case ♣ In such houses were usually to be seen gaudy-colored carpets, imitation lace curtains, and a what-not in the corner that seemed ready to go into dissolution through the law of gravitation.

♣ Early in the seventies lithograph presses began to make chromos that were warranted just as good as oil paintings, and these were distributed in millions by enterprising newspapers as premiums for subscriptions. Looking over an old file of the "Christian Union" for the year 1871, I chanced upon an editorial wherein it was stated that the end of painting pictures by hand had come, and the writer piously thanked heaven for it—& added, "Art is now within the reach of all." Furniture, carpets, curtains, pictures and books were being manufactured by machinery, and to glue things together and give them a look of gentility and get them

WILLIAM MORRIS into a house before they fell apart, was the seeming desideratum of all manufacturers.

The editor of the "Christian Union" surely had a basis of truth for his statement; art had received a sudden chill: palettes and brushes could be bought for half-price, and many artists were making five-year contracts with lithographers; while those too old to learn to draw on lithograph stones saw nothing left for them but to work designs with worsted in perforated cardboard.

To the influence of William Morris does the civilized world owe its salvation from the mad rage & rush for the tawdry and cheap in home decoration. It will not do to say that if William Morris had not called a halt some one else would, nor to cavil by declaring that the inanities of the Plush-Covered-Age followed the Era of the Hair-Cloth Sofa. These things are frankly admitted, but the refreshing fact remains that fully one-half the homes of England & America have been influenced by the good taste and vivid personality of one strong, earnest man.

William Morris was the strongest all 'round man the century has produced. He was an Artist and a Poet in the broadest and best sense of these much bandied terms. William Morris could do more things, and do them well, than any man of either ancient or modern times whom we can name.

✿ In a magazine article, a short time ago, I saw Mr. Hopkinson Smith referred to as "the Leonardo da

Vinci of America," and the article in question, I do not believe was written by Mr. Smith, either. **WILLIAM MORRIS** ♣

Mr. Hopkinson Smith is a talented man, and I surely would not decry his various gifts. He is a writer, an artist, an orator and a civil engineer. He is eminently sane, possesses common sense plus, and always has one eye well fixed on the Main Chance. He is practical. Mr. Smith is not a college man, and when in 1894 he gave a course of lectures at Harvard, the throngs that crowded Sanders Theater to its utmost limit, testified to the fact that of Harvard's three hundred professors & teachers, not one could match this lighthouse builder in point of personality.

However, the Plutarch who writes the parallel lives of Hopkinson Smith and William Morris will place the American at a great disadvantage. William Morris could do everything that Smith can, even to building a Race Rock Light, and beside this, was master of six trades. He was a weaver, a blacksmith, a wood-carver, a painter, a dyer and a printer. And he was a musical composer of no mean ability.

Better than all, he was an enthusiastic lover of his race: his heart throbbed for humanity, and believing that society could be reformed only from below, he cast his lot with the toilers, dressed as one of them, & in the companionship of workingmen found a response to his holy zeal which the society of an entailed aristocracy denied.

The man who could influence the entire housekeeping

WILLIAM of half a world, and give the kingdom of fashion a list
MORRIS ♣ to starboard ; who could paint beautiful pictures ; com-
pose music ; speak four languages ; write sublime verse ;
address a public assemblage effectively ; produce
plays ; resurrect the lost art of making books
—books such as were made only in the
olden time as a loving, religious ser-
vice ; who lived a clean, whole-
some, manly life—beloved by
those who knew him best
—shall we not call
him Master ?



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF WILLIAM MORRIS, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUB-
BARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNIED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY,
NEW YORK, IN JANUARY OF THE YEAR MCM ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

THE
ROYCROFTERS

ARE A SMALL BAND OF WORKERS WHO MAKE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS AND THINGS—MAKING THEM AS GOOD AS THEY CAN.

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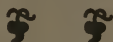
Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 2.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

ROBERT BROWNING



LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

1 9 0 0

♣ The subjects will be as follows :

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1 William Morris | 7 Macaulay |
| 2 Robert Browning | 8 Byron |
| 3 Tennyson | 9 Addison |
| 4 Robert Burns | 10 Southey |
| 5 John Milton | 11 Coleridge |
| 6 Samuel Johnson | 12 Disraeli |

♣ One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st. Hereafter the JOURNEYS will be issued by the Roycrofters, instead of G. P. Putnam's Sons, as formerly. The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1900 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type is a new set of antique black face. The initials were designed especially for this work by Mr. Samuel Warner (honest Roycrofter). The paper is English hand-made. The booklets will be stitched by hand with silk. A photogravure portrait on Japan Vellum will accompany each booklet as a frontispiece.

♣ The price of these booklets will be twenty-five cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora, N. Y.

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**Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors**

. . . BY . . .
ELBERT HUBBARD

Robert Browning

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora,
New York,
U. S. A.

1907
EL

So, take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same.

—Rabbi Ben Ezra.

ROBERT BROWNING



IF THERE ever lived a poet to whom the best minds pour out libations, it is Robert Browning, We think of him as dwelling on high Olympus; we read his lines by the light of dim candles; we quote him in sonorous monotone at twilight when soft-sounding organ chants come to us mellow and sweet. Browning's poems form a lover's litany to that elect few who hold that the true mating of a man and woman is the marriage of the mind. And thrice blest was Browning, in that fate allowed him to live his philosophy—to work his poetry up into life, and then again transmute life & love into art. Fate was kind: success came his way so slowly that he was never subjected to the fierce, dazzling searchlight of publicity: his recognition in youth was limited to a few obscure friends and neighbors. And when distance divided him from these, they forgot him; so there seems a hiatus in his history, when for a score of years literary England dimly remembered some one by the name of Browning, but could not just place him ❀ ❀

**ROBERT
BROWNING**

ROBERT BROWNING About the year 1868 the author of "Sordello" was induced to appear at an evening of "Uncut Leaves" at the house of a nobleman at the West-End, London. James Russell Lowell was present and was congratulated by a lady, sitting next to him, on the fact that Browning was an American.

♣ "But only by adoption!" answered the gracious Lowell.


"Yes," said the lady, "I believe his father was an Englishman, so you Americans cannot have all the credit; but surely he shows the Negro or Indian blood of his mother—very clever, is n't he, so very clever!" Browning's swarthy complexion, and the fine poise of the man—the entire absence of "nerves," as often shown in the savage—seemed to carry out the idea that his was a peculiar pedigree. In his youth, when his hair was as black as a raven's wing and coarse as a horse-tail, and his complexion mahogany, the report that he was a Creole found ready credence. And so did this gossip of mixed parentage follow him, that Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in her biography, takes an entire chapter to prove that in Robert Browning's veins there flowed neither Indian nor Negro blood.


♣ Dr. Furnivall, however, explains that Browning's grandmother on his father's side came from the West Indies, that nothing is known of her family history, and that she was a Creole.


And beyond this, the fact is stated that Robert Browning was quite pleased when he used to be taken for a

Jew,—a conclusion made plausible by his complexion, hair and features.

In its dead serious, hero-worshipping attitude, the life of Robert Browning by Mrs. Orr deserves to rank with Weems' "Life of Washington." It is the brief of an attorney for the defense. Little Willie anecdotes appear on every page.

And thus do we behold the tendency to make Browning something more than a man—and therefore something less 

Possibly women are given to this sort of thing more than men, I am not sure; but every young woman regards her lover as a distinct and peculiar personage, different from all others—as if this were a virtue—the only one of his kind. Later, if fate is kind, she learns that her own experience is not unique. We all easily fit into a type and each is but a representative of his class 

Robert Browning sprang from a line of clerks & small merchants; but as mitigation for the lack of a family 'scutcheon, we are told that his uncle, Reuben Browning, was a truly poet. For once in an idle hour he threw off a little thing for an inscription to be placed on a presentation ink bottle, and Disraeli seeing it, declared "Nothing like this has ever before been written!" 

Beyond doubt, Disraeli made the statement—it bears his ear-mark. It will be remembered that the Earl of Beaconsfield had a stock form for acknowledging receipt of the many books sent to him by aspiring

ROBERT BROWNING authors. It ran something like this : " The Earl of Beaconsfield begs to thank the gifted author of —— for a copy of his book, and gives the hearty assurance that he will waste no time in reading the volume."

♣ And further, the fact has been explained that Robert Browning was entrusted with a latch-key early in life, and that he always gave his mother a good night kiss. He gave her the good-night kiss willy-nilly. If she had retired when he came home, he used the trusty latch-key and went to her room to imprint on her lips the good-night kiss. He did this, the biographer would have us believe, to convince the good mother that his breath was what it should be, and he awakened her so she would know the hour was reasonable.

In most manufactories there is an electric apparatus wherewith every employee registers when he arrives, by turning a key or pushing a button. Robert Browning always fearlessly registered as soon as he got home—this according to Mrs. Orr.

Unfortunately, or otherwise, there is a little scattered information which makes us believe that Robert Browning's mother was not so fearful of her son's conduct, nor suspicious as to his breath, as to lie awake nights and keep tab on his hours. The world has never denied that Robert Browning was entrusted with a latch-key, and it little cares if occasionally, early in life, he fumbled for the key-hole. And my conception of his character is that when in the few instances Aurora, rosy goddess of the morn, marked his home-

coming with glowing chrome-red in the eastern sky, ROBERT
he did not search the sleeping rooms for his mother to BROWNING
apprise her of the hour.

In one place Mrs. Orr avers, in a voice hushed with emotion, that Browning carefully read all of Johnson's Dictionary "as a fit preparation for a literary career."

✿ Without any attempt to deny that the perusal of a dictionary is "fit preparation for a literary career," I yet fear me that the learned biographer, in a warm anxiety to prove the man exceeding studious and very virtuous, has tipped a bit to t' other side.

She has apotheosized her subject—and in an attempt to portray him as a peculiar person, set apart, has well nigh given us a being without hands, feet, eyes, ears, organs, dimensions, passions.

But after a careful study of the data, various visits to the places where he lived in England, trips to Casa Guidi, views from Casa Guidi windows, a journey to

Rezzonico Palace at Venice where he died, and

many a pious pilgrimage to Poet's Corner, in

Westminster Abbey, where he sleeps, I

am constrained to believe that Robert

Browning was made from the same

kind of clay as the rest of us.

He was human—he was

splendidly human.



ROBERT BROWNING



REAT men never come singly.

The year 1812 should be as easy to remember as 1492, for in it were born Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning.

Browning's father was a bank clerk; & Robert Browning, 3rd, author of "Paracelsus," could have secured his father's place

in the Bank of England, if he had had ambitions. And the fact that he did not was a source of silent sorrow to the father, even to the day of his death in 1866.

Robert Browning, the grandfather, entered the Bank as an errand boy, and rose by slow stages to Principal of the Stock Room. He served the Bank full half a century, and saved from his salary a goodly competence. This money, tightly and rightly invested, passed to his son. The son never reached the complete favor of his employers that the father had known, but he added to his weekly stipend by what a writer terms, "legitimate perquisites." This, being literally interpreted, means that he purchased paper, pens and sealing wax for the use of the Bank, and charged the goods in at his own price, doubtless with the consent of his superior, with whom he divided profits. He could have parodied the song-writer of old and said, "Let me supply the perquisite-requisites and I care not who makes the laws." ♣ So he grew rich—moderately rich—and

lived simply and comfortably up at Camberwell, with only one besetting dissipation : he was a book-collector. He searched book-stalls on the way to the City in the morning, and lay in wait for First Editions on the way home at night. When he had a holiday, he went in search of a book. He sneaked books into the house, & declared to his admonishing wife the next week that he had always owned 'em, or that they were presented to him. The funds his father had left him, his salary and "the perquisites," made a goodly income, but he always complained of poverty. He was secretly hoarding sums so to secure certain books.

The shelves grew until they reached the ceiling, and then book-cases invaded the dining room. The collector did n't trust his wife with the household purchasing ; no bank clerk ever does, for women are not financiers—and all the pennies were needed for books. The good wife, having nothing else to do, grew anæmic, had neuralgia and lapsed into a Shut-In, wearing a pale blue wrapper and reclining on a couch, around which were piled—mountain high—books.

The pale invalid used to imagine that the great cases were swaying and dancing a minuet, and she fully expected the tomes would all come a-toppling down and smother her— and she did n't care much if they would, but they never did. She was the mother of two children—the boy Robert, born the year after her marriage ; and in a little over another year a daughter came, and this closed the family record.

ROBERT BROWNING The invalid mother was a woman of fine feeling and much poetic insight. She did n't talk as much about books as her husband did, but I think she knew the good ones better. The mother and son moused in books together, and Mrs. Orr is surely right in her suggestion that this love of mother and son took upon itself the nature of a passion.

The love of Robert Browning for Elizabeth Barrett was a revival and a renewal, in many ways, of the condition of tenderness and sympathy that existed between Browning & his mother. There certainly was a strange and marked resemblance in the characters of Elizabeth Barrett & the mother of Robert Browning ; & to many this fully accounts for the instant affection that Browning felt toward the occupant of " the darkened room," when first they met.

The book-collector took much pride in his boy, & used to take him on book-hunting excursions, and sometimes to the Bank, on which occasions he would tell the Beef-Eaters how this was Robert Browning, 3rd, and that all three of the R. B.'s were loyal servants of the Bank. And the Beef-Eaters would rest their staves on the stone floor, and smile Fifteenth Century grimaces at the boy from under their cocked hats.

Robert, 3rd, was a healthy, rollicking lad, with power plus, and a deal of destructiveness in his nature. But destructiveness in a youngster is only energy not yet properly directed, just as dirt is useful matter in the wrong place.

To keep the boy out of mischief, he was sent to a sort of kindergarten, kept by a spinster around the corner. The spinster devoted rather more attention to the Browning boy than to her other pupils—she had to, to keep him out of mischief—and soon the boy was quite the head scholar.

And they tell us that he was so much more clever than any of the other scholars that to appease the rising jealousy of the parents of the other pupils, the diplomatic spinster requested that the boy be removed from her school—all this according to the earnest biographer. The facts are that the boy had so much energy & restless ambition; was so full of brimming curiosity, mischief and imagination—introducing turtles, bats and mice on various occasions—that he led the whole school a merry chase and wore the nerves of the ancient maiden to a frazzle.

He had to go.

After this he studied at home with his mother. His father laid out a schedule, and it was lived up to, for about a week.

Then a private tutor was tried, but soon this plan was abandoned, and a system of reading, best described as “natural selection,” was followed.

The boy was fourteen, and his sister was twelve, past. These are the ages when children often experience a change of heart, as all “revivalists” know. Robert Browning was swinging off toward atheism. He grew melancholy, irritable and wrote stanzas of sentimental

ROBERT verse. He showed this verse, high-sounding, stilted,
BROWNING bold and bilious, to his mother and then to his father,
and finally to Lizzie Flower.

A word about Lizzie Flower : she was nine years older than Robert Browning ; and she had a mind that was gracious and full of high aspiration. She loved books, art, music, and all harmony made its appeal to her ; & not in vain. She wrote verses and kept them locked in her work-box ; and then she painted in water colors and worked in worsted. A thoroughly good woman, she was, far above the average, with a half minor key in her voice and a tinge of the heart-broken in her composition, caused no one just knew how. Probably a certain young curate at St. Margaret's could have revealed light along this line, but he married, evolved a double chin, moved away to a fat living and never told.

No woman is either wise or good until destiny has subdued her by grinding her fondest hopes into the dust. Lizzie Flower was wise and good.

She gave singing lessons to the Browning children.

She taught Master Robert Browning to draw.

She read to him some of her verses that were in the sewing table drawer. And her sister Sarah Flower, two years older, afterwards Sarah Flower Adams, read aloud to them a hymn she had just written, called " Nearer my God to Thee."

Then soon Master Robert took the Flower girls some of the verses he had written.

Robert liked Lizzie Flower first-rate, & told his mother

so ♣ A young woman never cares anything for an unlicked cub, nine years younger than herself, unless fate has played pitch and toss with her heart's true love. And then, the tendrils of the affections being ruthlessly lacerated & uprooted, they cling to the first object that presents itself.

**ROBERT
BROWNING**

Lizzie Flower was a wall-flower. That is to say, she had early in life rid herself of the admiration of the many, by refusing to supply an unlimited amount of small talk. In feature, she was as plain as George Eliot. A boy is plastic, and even a modest wall-flower can woo him; but a man, for her, inspires awe—with him she takes no liberties. And the wall-flower woos the youth unwittingly, thinking the while she is only using her influence to better instruct him.

It is fortunate for a boy escaping adolescence to be educated & loved (the words are synonymous) by a good woman, and the youngster who has not violently loved a woman old enough to be his mother, has dropped something out of his life that he will have to go back and pick up in another incarnation.

I said Robert liked Lizzie Flower first-rate; and she declared that he was the brightest and most receptive pupil she ever had.

He was seventeen—she was twenty-six. They read Shelley, Keats and Byron aloud, and together passed through the "Byronic Period." They became violently atheistic, & at the same time decidedly religious, things that seem paradoxical but are not. A vegetable diet was

ROBERT BROWNING adopted and for two years they eschewed meat. They worshiped in the woods, feeling that the groves were God's first temples, and sitting at the gnarled roots of some great oak they would read aloud, by turn, from "Queen Mab."

And it was on one such excursion out across Hampstead Heath they lost their copy of "Shelley" in the leaves, & a wit has told us that it sprouted, & as a result—the flower and fruit—we have Browning's poem of "Pauline." And this must be so, for Robert & Miss Flower, (he always called her "Miss Flower," but she called him "Robert") made many an excursion, in search of the book, yet they never found it.

Robert now being eighteen, a man grown, not large but very strong and wiry, his father made arrangements for him to take a minor clerkship in the Bank. But the boy rebelled—he was going to be an artist, or a poet—or something like that.

The father argued that a man could be a poet and still work in a bank—the salary was handy; and there was no money in poetry. In fact, he himself was a poet, as his father had been before him. To be a bank clerk and at the same time a poet—what nobler ambition!

The young man was still stubborn. He was feeling discontented with his environment: he was cramped, cabined, cribbed, confined. He wanted to get out of the world of petty plodding and away from the silly round of conventions, out into the world of art—or else of barbarism—he did n't care which.

The latter way opened first, and a bit of wordy warfare with his father on the subject of idleness sent him off to a gipsy camp at Epsom Downs. How long he lived with the vagabonds we do not know, but his swarthy skin, and his skill as a boxer and wrestler, recommended him to the ragged gentry and they received him as a brother.

It is probable that a week of pure vagabondia cured him of the idea that civilization is a disease, for he came back home, made a bonfire of his attire, & after bathing well, was clothed in his right mind.

Groggy studies in French under a private tutor followed, and then came a term as special student in Greek at London University.


♣ To be nearer the school, he took lodgings in Gower Street ; and within a week a slight rough-house incident occurred that crippled most of the furniture in his room and deprived the stair-rail of its spindles. R. Browning, 2nd, bank clerk, paid the damages, and R. Browning, 3rd, aged twenty, came back home, formally notifying all parties concerned that he had chosen a career—it was Poetry. He would woo the divine Goddess, no matter who opposed. There now ! His mother was delighted ; his father gave reluctant assent, declaring that any course in life was better than vacillation ; & Miss Flower, who probably had sown the dragon's teeth, assumed a look of surprise and gave it as her opinion that Robert Browning would yet be Poet-Laureate of England.

ROBERT
BROWNING



ROBERT BROWNING awoke one morning with a start—it was the morning of his thirtieth birthday.

One's thirtieth birthday and his seventieth are days that press their message home with iron hand. With his seventieth milestone past, a man feels that his work is done, and dim voices

call to him from across the Unseen. His work is done, and so illy compared with what he once wished and expected! But the impressions made upon his heart by the day are no deeper than those his thirtieth birthday inspires 

At thirty, youth, with all it palliates and excuses, is gone forever. The time for athletic sports is past; the young avoid you, or else look up to you as a Nestor & tempt you to grow reminiscent. You are a man and must give an account of yourself.

Out of the stillness came a Voice to Robert Browning saying, "What hast thou done with the talent I gave thee?"

What had he done? It seemed to him at the moment as if he had done nothing. He arose and looked into the mirror. A few gray hairs were mixed in his beard, there were crow's feet on his forehead, and the first joyous flush of youth had gone from his face forever. He was a bachelor, inwardly at war with his environ-

ment, but making a bold front with his tuppence worth of philosophy to conceal the unrest within.

**ROBERT
BROWNING**

A bachelor of thirty, strong in limb, clear in brain and yet a dependent! No one but himself to support and could n't even do that! Gadzooks! Fie upon all poetry and a plague upon the dumb, dense, shopkeeping, beer-drinking nation upon which the sun never sets!

✻ The father of Robert Browning had done everything a father could. He had supplied board and books, and given his son an allowance of a pound a week for ten years. He had sent him on a journey to Italy, and published several volumes of the young man's verse at his own expense, & these books were piled high in the garret, save a few that had been bought by charitable friends or given away.

Robert Browning was not discouraged—oh no, not that, only the world sort of stretched out in a dull, monotonous gray, where once it was green, the color of hope, and all decked with flowers.

The little literary world of London knew Browning & respected him. He was earnest and sincere and his personality carried weight. His face was not handsome, but his manner was one of poise and purpose, and to come within his aura and look into his calm eyes was to respect the man and make obeisance to the intellect that you felt lay behind.

A few editors had gone out of their way to "discover" him to the world, but their lavish reviews fell flat. Buyers would not buy—no one seemed to want the

ROBERT BROWNING wares of Robert Browning. He was hard to read, difficult, obscure—or else there was n't anything in it all, they did n't know which.

Fox, editor of the "Repository," had met Browning at the Flower's and liked him. He tried to make his verse go, but could n't. Yet he did what he could and insisted that Browning should go with him to the "Sunday evenings" at Barry Cornwall's. There he met Leigh Hunt, Monckton Milnes and Dickens.

Then there were dinner parties at Sergeant Talfourd's, where he got acquainted with Wordsworth, Walter Savage Landor and Macready.

Macready impressed him greatly and he impressed Macready. He gave the actor a copy of "Paracelsus," one of the pile in the garret, and Macready suggested he write a play. "Strafford" was the result, and we know it was stillborn, and caused a very frosty feeling to exist for many a year between the author and actor. When a play fails the author blames the actor and the actor damns the author. These men were human.

♣ Of course Browning's kinsmen all considered him a failure, and when the father paid over the weekly allowance he often rubbed it in a bit. Lizzie Flower had modified her prophecy as to the Laureateship, but was still loyal. They had tiffed occasionally, & broken off the friendship, and once I believe returned letters. To marry was out of the question—he could n't support himself—& besides that they were old, demnition old; he was past thirty & she was forty—Gramercy!

♣ They tiffed.

Then they made up.

In the meantime Browning had formed a friendship, very firm and frank, but strictly Platonic, of course, for Fanny Haworth. Miss Haworth had seen more of the world than Miss Flower—she was an artist, a writer and moved in the best society. Browning and Miss Haworth wrote letters to each other for a while most every day, and he called on her every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

Miss Haworth bought and gave away many copies of "Pauline," "Sordello" and "Paracelsus"; and informed her friends that "Pippa Passes" and "Two in a Gondola" were great stuff.

About this time we find Edward Moxon (the man who married the adopted daughter of Charles and Mary Lamb), the publisher, saying to Browning: "Your verse is all right, Browning, but a book of it is too much: people are appalled; they cannot digest it. And when it goes into a magazine it is lost in the mass. Now just let me get out your work in little monthly installments, in booklet form, and I think it will go."

♣ Browning jumped at the idea.

The booklets were gotten out in paper covers and offered at a moderate price.

They sold, and sold well. The literary elite bought them by the dozen to give away.

People began to talk about Browning—he was getting a foothold. His royalties now amounted to as much as

ROBERT the weekly allowance from his father, and Pater was
BROWNING talking of cutting off the stipend entirely. Fin-
ances being easy, Browning thought it a good
time to take another look at Italy—some
of the best things he had written had
been inspired by Venice & Asolo
—he would go again. And so
he engaged passage on a
sailing ship for Naples.



HORTLY after Browning's re- **ROBERT**
turn to London in 1844, he dined **BROWNING**
at Sergeant Talfourd's ❀ After



the dinner a well dressed and
sprightly old gentleman intro-
duced himself and begged that
Browning would inscribe a copy
of "Bells & Pomegranates," that
he had gotten specially bound.
There is an ancient myth about

writers being harassed by autograph fiends and all that,
but the simple fact is, nothing so warms the cockles
of an author's heart as to be asked for his autograph.
Of course Browning graciously complied with the
gentleman's request, and in order that he might insert
the owner's name in the inscription asked :

"What name, please?"

And the answer was, "John Kenyon."

Then Mr. Browning and Mr. Kenyon had a nice little
visit, talking about books and art. And Mr. Kenyon told
Mr. Browning that Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the poet-
ess, was a cousin of his—he was a bit boastful of the
fact ❀❀❀

And Mr. Browning nodded and said he had often heard
of her, and admired her work.

Then Mr. Kenyon suggested that Mr. Browning write
and tell her so—"You see she has just gotten out a new
book, and we are all a little nervous about how it is
going to take. Miss Barrett lives in a darkened room,

ROBERT you know—sees no one—and a letter from a man like
BROWNING you would encourage her greatly.”

Mr. Kenyon wrote the address of Miss Barrett on a card and pushed it across the table.


Mr. Browning took the card, put it in his pocket book and promised to write Miss Barrett, as Mr. Kenyon requested.

And he did.

Miss Barrett replied.

Mr. Browning answered, and soon several letters a week were going in each direction.

Not quite so many missives were being received by Fanny Haworth, and as for Lizzie Flower, I fear she was quite forgotten. She fell into a decline, drooped and died in a year.

Mr. Browning asked for permission to call on Miss Barrett 

Miss Barrett explained that her father would not allow it, neither would the doctor or nurse, & added, “There is nothing to see in me. I am a weed fit for the ground and darkness.”

But this repulse only made Mr. Browning want to see her the more. He appealed to Mr. Kenyon, who was the only person allowed to call, besides Miss Mitford—Mr. Kenyon was her cousin.

Mr. Kenyon arranged it, he was an expert at arranging anything of a delicate nature. He timed the hour Mr. Barrett was down town, & the nurse and doctor safely out of the way, and they called on the invalid prisoner

in the darkened room. They did not stay long, but when they went away Robert Browning trod on air. The beautiful girl-like face, in its frame of dark curls lying back among the pillows, haunted him like a shadow. He was thirty-three, she was thirty-five. She looked like a child, but the mind—the subtle, appreciative, receptive mind! The mind that caught every allusion, that knew his thought before he voiced it, that found nothing obscure in his work and that put a high and holy construction on his every sentence—it was divine! divinity incarnated in woman.

Robert Browning tramped the streets forgetful of meat, drink or rest.

He would give this woman freedom. He would devote himself to restoring her to the air and sunshine. What nobler ambition! He was an idler, he had never done anything for anybody. He was only a killer of time, a vagrant, but now was his opportunity—he would do for this beautiful soul what no one else on earth could do. She was slipping away as it was—the world would soon lose her. Was there none to save?

Here was the finest intellect ever given to a woman—so sure, so vital, so tender and yet so strong!

He would love her back to life and light!

And so Robert Browning told her all this shortly after, but before he told, she had divined his thought. For solitude and loneliness and heart hunger had given her the power of an astral being; she was in communication with all the finer forces that pervade our ether.

ROBERT He would love her back to life and light—he told her so.
BROWNING She grew better.

And soon we find her getting up & throwing wide the shutters. It was no longer the darkened room, for the sunlight came dancing through the apartment, driving out all the dark shadows that lurked therein.

The doctor was indignant ; the nurse resigned.

Of course, Mr. Barrett was not taken into confidence and no one asked his consent. Why should they ?—he was the man who could never understand.

So one fine day when the coast was clear, the couple went over to St. Pancras Church and were married.

The bride went home alone—could walk all right now—and it was a week before her husband saw her, because he would not be a hypocrite and go ring the door bell and ask if Miss Barrett was home ; and of course if he had asked for Mrs. Robert Browning, no one would have known whom he wanted to see.

But at the end of a week, the bride stole down the stairs, while the family was at dinner, leading her dog Flush by a string, & all the time, with throbbing heart, she prayed the dog not to bark. I have oft wondered in the stilly night season what the effect on English Letters would have been, had the dog really barked ! But the dog did not bark ; and Elizabeth met her husband there on the corner where the mail box is. No one missed the runaway until the next day, & then the bride and groom were safely in France, writing letters back from Dieppe, asking forgiveness and craving blessings.



HE is the Genius and I am the **ROBERT**
Clever Person," Browning used **BROWNING**
to say. And this I believe will
be the world's final judgment.
Browning knew the world in its
every phase—good & bad, high
& low, society and commerce,
the shop and gipsy camp. He
absorbed things, learned them,
compared and wrote it out.

Elizabeth Barrett had never traveled, her opportunities for meeting people had been few, her experiences limited and yet she evolved truth : she secreted beauty from within.

For two years after their elopement they did not write—how could they? goodness me! They were on their wedding tour. They lived in Florence and Rome and in various mountain villages in Italy.

Health came back, and joy and peace and perfect love were theirs. But it was joy bought with a price—Elizabeth Barrett Browning had forfeited the love of her father. Her letters written him came back unopened, books inscribed to him were returned—he declared she was dead 🌸

Her brothers, too, discarded her, and when her two sisters wrote, they did so by stealth and their letters, meant to be kind, were steel for her heart. Then her father was rich ; and she had always known every comfort that money could buy. Now, she had taken up with

ROBERT BROWNING a poor poet and every penny had to be counted—absolute economy was demanded. And Robert Browning, with a certain sense of guilt upon him, for depriving her of all the creature comforts she had known, sought by tenderness and love to make her forget the insults her father heaped upon her.

As for Browning the bank clerk, he was vexed that his son should show so little caution as to load himself up with an invalid wife, and he cut off the allowance, declaring that if a man was old enough to marry he was also old enough to care for himself. He did, however, make his son several "loans"; and finally came to "bless the day that his son had sense enough to marry the best and most talented woman on earth."

Browning's poems were selling slowly, & Mrs. Browning's books brought her a little royalty, thanks to the loyal management of John Kenyon, and so absolute want and biting poverty did not overtake the runaways.

♣ After the birth of her son in 1849, Mrs. Browning's health seemed to have fully returned. She used to ride horseback up and down the mountain passes, & wrote home to Miss Mitford that love had turned the dial backward and the joyousness of girlhood had come again to her.

When John Kenyon died and left them ten thousand pounds, all their own, it placed them forever beyond the apprehension of want, and also enabled them to do for others, for they pensioned old Walter Savage Landor, and established him in comfortable quarters around

the corner from Casa Guidi ♣ I intimated a moment ago that their honeymoon continued for two years. This was a mistake, for it continued for just fifteen years, when the beautiful girl-like form, with her head of flowing curls upon her husband's shoulder, ceased to breathe. Painlessly and without apprehension or premonition the spirit had taken its flight.

That letter of Miss Blagdon's, written some weeks after, telling of how the stricken man paced the echoing hallways at night crying, "I want her! I want her!" touches us like a strange, personal sorrow that once pierced our hearts.

But Robert Browning's nature was too strong to be subdued by grief. He remembered that others, too, had buried their dead, and that sorrow had been man's portion since the world began. He would live for his boy—for Her child.

But Florence was no longer his Florence, and he made haste to settle up his affairs and go back to England. He never returned to Florence, & never saw the beautiful monument, designed by his lifelong friend, Frederick Leighton.

When you visit the little English Cemetery at Florence, the slim little girl that comes down the path, swinging the big bunch of keys, opens the high iron gate & leads you, without word or question, straight to the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Browning was forty-nine when Mrs. Browning died. And by the time he had reached his fiftieth meridian,

ROBERT BROWNING England, hearkening to America's suggestion, was awakening to the fact that he was one of the world's great poets.

Honors came slowly, but surely—Oxford with a degree; St. Andrew's with a Lord-Rectorship; publishers with advance payments. And when Smith and Elder paid one hundred pounds for the poem of "Herve Riel," it seemed that at last Browning's worth was being recognized. Not of course that money is the infallible test, but even poetry has its Rialto, where the extent of appreciation is shown by prices current.

Browning's best work was done after his wife's death; and in that love he ever lived and breathed. In his seventy-fifth year, it filled his days and dreams as though it were a thing of yesterday, singing in his heart a continual eucharist.

"The Ring and the Book" must be regarded as Browning's crowning work. Off-hand critics have disposed of it, but the great minds go back to it again and again. In the character of Pompilia the author sought to pay tribute to the woman whose memory was ever in his mind; yet he was too sensitive and shrinking to fully picture her. He sought to mask his inspiration; but tender, loving recollections of "Ba" are interlaced and interwoven through it all. ♣ When Robert Browning died in 1889, the world of literature & art uncovered in token of honor to one who had lived long and well and had done a deathless work. And the doors of storied Westminster opened wide to receive his dust.

5-0 ~

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF ROBERT BROWNING, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUB-
BARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY,
NEW YORK, IN FEBRUARY OF THE YEAR MCM ❖ ❖ ❖

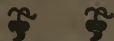
Vol. VI.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 3.

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

—
ALFRED TENNYSON



LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

1 9 0 0

♣ The subjects will be as follows :

1 William Morris	7 Macaulay
2 Robert Browning	8 Byron
3 Tennyson	9 Addison
4 Robert Burns	10 Southey
5 John Milton	11 Coleridge
6 Samuel Johnson	12 Disraeli

♣ One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st. Hereafter the JOURNEYS will be issued by the Roycrofters, instead of G. P. Putnam's Sons, as formerly. The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1900 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type is a new set of antique black face. The initials were designed especially for this work by Mr. Samuel Warner (honest Roycrofter). The paper is English hand-made. The booklets will be stitched by hand with silk. A photogravure portrait on Japan Vellum will accompany each booklet as a frontispiece.

♣ The price of these booklets will be twenty-five cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora, N. Y.

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**Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors**

. . . BY . . .
ELBERT HUBBARD

Alfred Tennyson

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora,
New York,
U. S. A.





Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Nor of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

—Merlin.

ALFRED TENNYSON



HE grandfather of Tennyson had two sons, the elder boy according to Mr. Clement Scott, being "both willful & commonplace." Now of course the property & honors & titles, according to the Law of England, would all gravitate to the commonplace boy; & the second son, who was competent, dutiful & worthy, would be out in the cold world—simply because he was accidentally born second & not first. It was not his fault that he was born second, & it was in no wise to the credit of the other that he was born first.

So the father, seeing that the elder boy had small executive capacity, & no appreciation of a Good Thing, disinherited him, giving him, however, a generous allowance, but letting the titles go to the second boy, who was bright and brave and withal a right manly fellow.

Personally I 'm glad the honors went to the best man. But Hallam Tennyson, son of the Poet, sees only rank injustice in the action of his ancestor who deliberately set his own opinion of right and justice against precedent

ALFRED
TENNYSON

ALFRED as embodied in English Law ❧ As a matter of strictest
TENNYSON justice, we might argue that neither boy was entitled to anything which he had not earned, and in dividing the property between them, instead of allowing it all to drift into the hands of the one accidentally born first, the father acted wisely and well.

But neither Alfred nor Hallam Tennyson thought so. How much their opinions were biased by the fact that they were descendants of the first-born son we cannot say. Anyway, the descendants of the second son, Hon. Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt, have made no protest, of which I can learn, about justice being defeated.

Considering this subject of the Law of Entail one step further, we find that Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson, is a Peer of the Realm simply because his father was a great poet, and honors were given him on that account by the Queen. These honors go to Hallam, who as all men agree, is in many ways singularly like his grandfather.

Genius is not hereditary, but titles are. Hallam is eminently pleased with the English Law of Entail, save that he questions whether any father has the divine right to divert his titles and wealth from the eldest son. Lord Hallam's arguments are earnest and well expressed, but they seem to show that he is lacking in what Herbert Spencer calls the "value sense"—in other words, the sense of humor.

Hallam's lack of perspective is further in evidence through his patient efforts to explain who the various

Tennysons were. In my boyhood days I thought there was but one Tennyson. On reading Hallam's book, however, one would think there were dozens of them. To keep these various men, bearing one name, from being confused in the mind of the reader is quite a task, and to better identify one particular Tennyson, Hallam usually refers to him as "Father," or "My Father." ♣

In the course of a recent interview with Mr. W. H. Seward, of Auburn, N. Y., I was impressed by his dignified, respectful and affectionate references to "Seward." "This belonged to Seward," & "Seward told me,"—as though there were but one. In these pages I will speak of Tennyson—there has been but one—there will never be another.





THINK Mr. Clement Scott is a little severe in his estimate of the character of Tennyson's ♣ father, although the main facts are doubtless as he states them. The Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, Rector of Somersby and Wood Enderby parishes, was a typical English parson. As a boy he was simply big, fat and lazy. His health was so perfect that it overtopped all ambition and having no nerves to speak of, his sensibilities were very slight.

When he was disinherited, in favor of his younger brother, a keen, nervous, forceful fellow, he accepted it as a matter of course. His career was planned for him: he "took orders," married the young woman his folks selected, and slipped easily into his proper niche—his adipose serving as a buffer for his feelings. In his intellect there was no flash, and his insight into the heart of things was small.

Being happily married to a discreet woman who managed him without ever letting him be aware of it, and having a sure and sufficient income, and never knowing that he had a stomach, he did his clerical work, (with the help of a curate) and lived out the measure of his days, no wiser at the last than he was at thirty. ♣ In passing, we might call attention to the fact that the average man is a victim of Arrested Development,

and that the passing years bring an increase of knowledge only in very exceptional cases. Health and prosperity are not pure blessings—a certain element of discontent is necessary to spur men on to a higher life ♣
Rev. George Clayton Tennyson had income enough to meet his wants, but not enough to embarrass him with the responsibilities of taking care of it. Each quarterly stipend was spent before it arrived, & the family lived on credit until another three months rolled around. They had roast beef as often as they wanted it, in the cellar were puncheons, kegs and barrels, and as there was no rent to pay nor landlords to appease, care sat lightly on the Rector.

Elizabeth, this man's wife, is worthy of more than a passing note. She was the daughter of Rev. Stephen Fytche, vicar of Louth. Her family was not so high in rank as the Tennysons, because the Tennysons belonged to the gentry. But she was intelligent, amiable, fairly good-looking, and being the daughter of a clergyman, had beyond doubt a knowledge of clerical needs, so it was thought would make a good wife for the newly appointed incumbent of Somersby.

The parents arranged it, the young folks were willing, and so they were married—and the bridegroom was happy ever afterward.

And why should n't he be happy? Surely no man was ever blest with a better wife! He had made a reach into the matrimonial grab-bag and drawn forth a jewel. This jewel was many faceted. Without affectation or

ALFRED silly pride the clergyman's wife did the work that God
TENNYSON sent her to do. The sense of duty was strong upon her. Babies came, one each two years, and in one case two in one year, and there was careful planning required to make the income reach, & keep the household in order. Then she visited the poor and sick of the parish, and received the many visitors. And with it all she found time to read. Her mind was open and alert for all good things. I am not sure that she was so very happy, but no complaints escaped her. In all she bore twelve children, eight sons and four daughters ♣ Ten of these children lived to be over seventy-five years of age. The fourth child that came to her they named Alfred.





ENNYSON'S education in ear- **ALFRED**
ly youth was very slight. His father laid down rules and gave **TENNYSON**
out lessons, but the strictness
of discipline never lasted more
than two days at a time. The
children ran wild and roamed
the woods of Lincolnshire in
search of all the curious things
that the woods hold in store

for boys ❀ The father occasionally made stern efforts to "correct" his sons. In use of the birch he was ambidextrous. But I have noticed that in households where a strap hangs behind the kitchen door, for ready use, it is not utilized so much for pure discipline as to ease the feelings of the parent. They say that expression is a need of the human heart; & I am also convinced that in many hearts there is a very strong desire at times to "thrash" someone. Who it is makes little difference, but children being helpless and the law giving us the right, we find gratification by falling upon them with straps, birch rods, slippers, ferrules, hair brushes or apple tree sprouts.

No student of pedagogics now believes that the free use of the rod ever made a child "good," but all agree that it has often served as a safety valve for pent up emotion in the parent and teacher.

The father of Alfred Tennyson applied the birch, and the boy took to the woods, moody, resentful, solitary.

ALFRED TENNYSON There was good in this, for the lad learned to live within himself, and to be self-sufficient : to love the solitude, and feel a kinship with all the life that makes the groves and fields melodious.

In 1828, when nineteen years of age, Alfred was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. He remained there three years, but left without a degree, and what was worse—with the ill-will of his teachers, who seemed to regard his a hopeless case. He would n't study the books they wanted him to.

College life, however, has much to recommend it beside the curriculum. At Cambridge, Tennyson made the acquaintanceship of a group of young men who influenced his life profoundly. Kemble, Milnes, Brookfield & Spedding remained his life-long friends ;

and as all good is reciprocal, no man can say how much these eminent men owe to the moody & melancholy Tennyson, or how much he owes to them.





TENNYSON began to write verse **ALFRED TENNYSON** very young. He has told of going when thirteen years of age to visit his grandfather, and of presenting him a poem. The old gentleman gave him half a guinea with the remark, "This is the first money you ever made by writing poetry, and take my word for it, it will be the last!"

When eighteen years of age, with his brother, Charles, he produced a thin book of thin verses.

We have the opinion of Coleridge to the effect that the only lines which have any merit in the book, are those signed C. T. Charles became a clergyman of marked ability, married rich, and changed his name from Tennyson to Turner for economic and domestic reasons. Years afterward, when Alfred had become Poet Laureate, rumor has it, he thought of changing the "Turner" back to "Tennyson," but was unable to bring it about

The only honor captured by Alfred at Cambridge was a prize for his poem, "Timbuctoo." The encouragement that this brought him, backed up by Arthur Hallam's declaiming the piece in public—as a sort of defiance to detractors—caused him to fix his attention more assiduously on verse. He could write—it was the only thing he could do—and so he wrote.

The year he was twenty-one he published a small book

ALFRED TENNYSON called "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." The books went a-begging for many years; but times change, for a copy of this edition was sold by Quaritch in 1895 for one hundred and eighty pounds. The only piece in the book that seems to show genuine merit is "Mariana."

Two years afterward a second edition, revised and enlarged, was brought out. This book contains "The Lady of Shallott," "The May Queen," "A Dream of Fair Women" and "The Lotus Eaters."

Beyond a few fulsome reviews from personal friends and a little surly mention from the tribe of Jeffrey, the volume attracted no attention. This coldness on the part of buyers shot an atrabiliar tint through the ambition of our poet and the fond hope of a success in literature faded from his mind.

And then began what Stopford Brooke has called "the ten fallow years in the life of Tennyson." But fallow years are not all fallow. The dark brooding night is as necessary for our life as the garish day. Great crops of wheat that feed the nations grow only where the winter's snow covers all as with a garment. And ever behind the mystery of sleep, and beneath the silence of the snow, Nature slumbers not nor sleeps.

The withholding of quick recognition gave the mind of Tennyson an opportunity to ripen. Fate held him in leash that he might be saved for a masterly work, and all the time that he lived in semi-solitude and read and thought and tramped the fields, his soul was growing strong and his spirit was taking on the silken self-suf-

ficient strength that marked his later days ❀ This hiatus of ten years in the life of our poet is very similar to the thirteen fallow years in the career of Browning. These men crossed and re-crossed each other's pathway but did not meet for many years. What a help they might have been to each other in those years of doubt and seeming defeat! But each was to make his way alone ❀

Browning seemed to grow through society and travel, but solitude served the needs of Tennyson.

"There must be a man behind every sentence," said Emerson. After ten years of silence, when Tennyson issued his book, the literary world recognized the man behind it. Tennyson had grown as a writer, but more as a man. And after all, it is more to be a man than a poet ❀ All who knew Tennyson, and have written of him, especially during those early years, begin with a description of his appearance. His looks did not belie the man. In intellect and in stature he was a giant. The tall, athletic form, the great shaggy head, the classic features & the look of untried strength were all thrown into fine relief by the modesty, the half-embarrassment of his manner.

To meet the poet was to acknowledge his power. No man can talk as wise as he can look, and Tennyson never tried to. His words were few and simple.

Those who met him went away ready to back his lightest word. They felt there was a man behind the sentence ❀

ALFRED TENNYSON Carlyle, who was a hero-worshiper, but who usually limited his worship to those well dead and long gone hence, wrote of Tennyson to Emerson: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of dusky hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to."

And then again, writing to his brother John: "Some weeks ago, one night, the poet Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were discovered here sitting smoking in the garden. Tennyson had been here before, but was still new to Jane,—who was alone for the first hour or two of it. A fine, large featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free-and-easy; who swims outwardly and inwardly, with great composure in an articulate element as of tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke; great now and then when he does emerge; a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man." The "English Idylls," put forth in 1842 contained all of the poems, heretofore published, that Tennyson cared to retain. It must be stated to the credit, or discredit, of America, that the only complete editions of Tennyson were issued by New York and Boston pub-

lishers ♣ These men seized upon the immature early poems of Tennyson, and combining them with his later books, issued the whole in a style that tried men's eyes—very proud of the fact that “this is the only complete edition,” etc. Of course they paid the author no royalty, neither did they heed his protests, and possibly all this prepared the way for frosty receptions of daughters of quick machine-made American millionaires, who journeyed to the Isle of Wight in after days. Soon after the publication of “English Idylls,” Alfred Tennyson moved gracefully, like the launching of a ship, into the first place among living poets. He was then thirty-three years of age, with just half a century, lacking a few months, yet to live. In all that half century, with its conflicting literary lights & glares, his title to first place was never seriously questioned.

♣ Up to 1842, in his various letters, and through his close friends, we learn that Tennyson was sore pressed for funds. He had n't money to buy books, and when he traveled it was through the munificence of some kind kinsman. He even excuses himself from attending certain social functions on account of his lack of suitable raiment—probably with a certain satisfaction.

But when he tells of his poverty to Emily Sellwood, the woman of his choice, there is anguish in his cry. In fact, her parents succeeded in breaking off her relationship with Tennyson for a time on account of his very uncertain prospects. His brothers, even those younger than he, had slipped into snug positions—“but

ALFRED
TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON Alfred dreams on with nothing special in sight." ❀ Poetry, in way of a financial return, is not to be commended. Honors were coming Tennyson's way as early as 1842, but it was not until 1845, when a pension of two hundred pounds a year was granted him by the Government that he began to feel easy. Even then there were various old scores in way of loans to liquidate. The year 1850, when he was forty-one, has been called his "golden year," for in it occurred the publication of "In Memoriam," his appointment to the post of Poet Laureate, and his marriage.

Emily Sellwood had waited for him all these years. She had been sought after, & had refused several good offers from eligible widowers and others who pitied her sad plight and looked upon her as a forlorn old maid. But she had given her heart to another.

Possibly she had not been courted quite so assiduously as Tennyson's mother had been. When that dear old lady was past eighty she became very deaf, and the family often ventured to carry on conversations in her presence which possibly would have been modified had the old lady been in full possession of her faculties. One day as she sat knitting in the chimney corner, one of her daughters in a burst of confidence to a visitor, said, "Why, before Mamma married Papa she had received twenty-three offers of marriage!"

"Twenty-four, my dear,—twenty-four," corrected the old lady as she shifted the needles.

No one has ever claimed that Tennyson was an ideal

lover. Surely he never could have been tempted to do what Browning did—break up the peace of a household by an elopement. His love was a thing of the head, weighed carefully in the scales of his judgment. His caution and good sense saved him from all Byronic excesses, or foolish alliances such as took Shelley captive. He believed in law and order, and early saw that his interests lay in that direction. He belonged to the Church of England, & doubtless thought as he pleased, but ever expressed himself with caution.

ALFRED
TENNYSON

It is easy to accuse Tennyson of being insular—to say that he is “the poet of England.” Had he been more he would have been less. World-poets have usually been revolutionists, and dangerous men who exploded at an unknown extent of concussion. None of them has been a safe man—none respectable. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Hugo and Whitman were outcasts.

Tennyson is always serene, sane and safe—his lines breathe purity and excellence. He is the poet of religion, of the home and fireside, of established order, of truth, justice and mercy as embodied in law.

Very early he became a close personal friend of Queen Victoria and many of his lines ministered to her personal consolation.

♣ For fifty years Tennyson's life was one steady, triumphal march. He acquired wealth, such as no other English poet before him had ever done; his name was known in every corner of the earth where white men journeyed, and at home he was beloved and honored.

ALFRED TENNYSON He died October 6th, 1892, aged eighty-three, and for him the Nation mourned, and with deep sincerity the Queen spoke of his demise as a poignant, personal sorrow.






It was at Cambridge he met **ALFRED TENNYSON** Arthur Hallam—Arthur Hallam, immortal and remembered alone for being the comrade & friend of Tennyson.

Alfred took his friend Arthur to his home in Lincolnshire one vacation, and we know how Arthur became enamored of Tennyson's sister Emily, and they were betrothed. Together, Tennyson and Hallam made a trip through France and the Pyrenees.



Carlyle and Milburn, the blind preacher, once sat smoking in the little arbor back of the house in Cheyne Row. They had been talking of Tennyson, and after a long silence Carlyle knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and with a grunt said, "Ha! Death is a great blessing—the joyousest blessing of all! Without death there would ha' been no 'In Memoriam,' no Hallam and like enough, no Tennyson!" ♣ It is futile to figure what would have occurred had this or that not happened, since every act of life is a sequence. But that Carlyle & many others believed that the death of Hallam was the making of Tennyson, there is no doubt. Possibly his soul needed just this particular amount of bruising in order to make it burst into undying song—who knows! When Charles Kingsley was asked for the secret of his exquisite sympathy and fine imagination, he paused a space, and then answered—"I had a friend."

ALFRED TENNYSON The desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who can understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes and is able to partake of our joys. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul.

One can bear grief but it takes two to be glad.

We reach the Divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the Universal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one 

Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all.

 The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that only exist in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfill the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created, the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible 

Should the beloved pass from earth while this condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead. The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible, and living in a world

where material wants jostle, and time and change play their ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters. But the memory of a sweet affinity once fully possessed, and snapped by fate at its supremest moment, can never die from out the heart. All other troubles are swallowed up in this, and if the individual is of too stern a fiber to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in the heart a perpetual eucharist.


And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead : they have ceased from their labors and are at rest.

But for the living, when death has entered & removed the best friend, fate has done her worst ; the plummet has sounded the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror. At one fell stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares are sunk into nothingness ♣ The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow, and although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace. Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is always forgiveness, charity and a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who suffer and endure. The individual himself is nothing : he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, and this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength ; it constantly

ALFRED TENNYSON purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with Elemental Conditions.

To have known an ideal friendship, & had it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with the sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest good. And the constant dwelling in sweet, sad recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that has gone tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them.

✿ The beauty with which love adorns its object becomes at last the possession of the one who loves.

At the hour when the strong and helpful, yet tender & sympathetic friendship of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam was at its height, there came a brief and abrupt word from Vienna to the effect that Arthur was dead. The shock of surprise, followed by dumb, bitter grief, made an impression on the youthful mind of Tennyson that the sixty years which followed did not obliterate 

At first a numbness and deadness came over his spirit, but this condition ere long gave way to a sweet contemplation of the beauties of character that his friend possessed, and he tenderly reviewed the gracious hours they had spent together.

“In Memoriam” is not one poem, it is made up of many “short swallow-flights of song that dip their wings in tears and skim away.” There are one hundred and thirty separate songs in all, held together by the

silken thread of love for his lost friend ♣ Seventeen years were required for their evolution. **ALFRED TENNYSON**

Some people, misled by the title, possibly, think of these poems as a wail of grief for the dead, a vain cry of sorrow for the lost, or a proud parading of mourning millinery. Such views could not be more wholly wrong ❀

To every soul that has loved and lost, to those who have stood by open graves, to all who have beheld the sun go down on less worth in the world, these songs are a victor's cry. They tell of love and life that rises phoenix-like from the ashes of despair; of doubt turned to faith; of fear which has become serenest peace.

All poems that endure must have this helpful uplifting quality. Without violence of direction they must be beacon lights that gently guide stricken men & women into safe harbors.

The "Invocation," written nearly a score of years after Hallam's death, reveals Tennyson's personal conquest of pain. His thought has broadened from the sense of loss into a stately march of conquest over death for the whole human race ♣ The sharpness of grief has wakened the soul to the contemplation of sublime ideas—truth, justice, nobility, honor, and the sense of beauty as shown in all created things. The man once loved a person, now his heart goes out to the universe. The dread of death is gone, and he calmly contemplates his own end and waits the summons without either impatience or fear. He realizes that death itself

ALFRED is a manifestation of life—that it is as natural and just
TENNYSON as necessary.

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

The desire for sympathy and the wish for friendship
are in his heart, but the fever of unrest and
the spirit of revolt are gone. His heart,
his hope, his faith, his life, are
freely laid on the al-
tar of Eternal
Love.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF ALFRED TENNYSON, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT
HUBBARD: THE TITLE PAGE & INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNIED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY,
N. Y., IN THE MONTH OF MARCH IN THE YEAR MCM

**LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE
HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:**

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**THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora,
New York.**

Vol. VI.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 4.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

ROBERT BURNS



LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

1 9 0 0

☛ The subjects will be as follows :

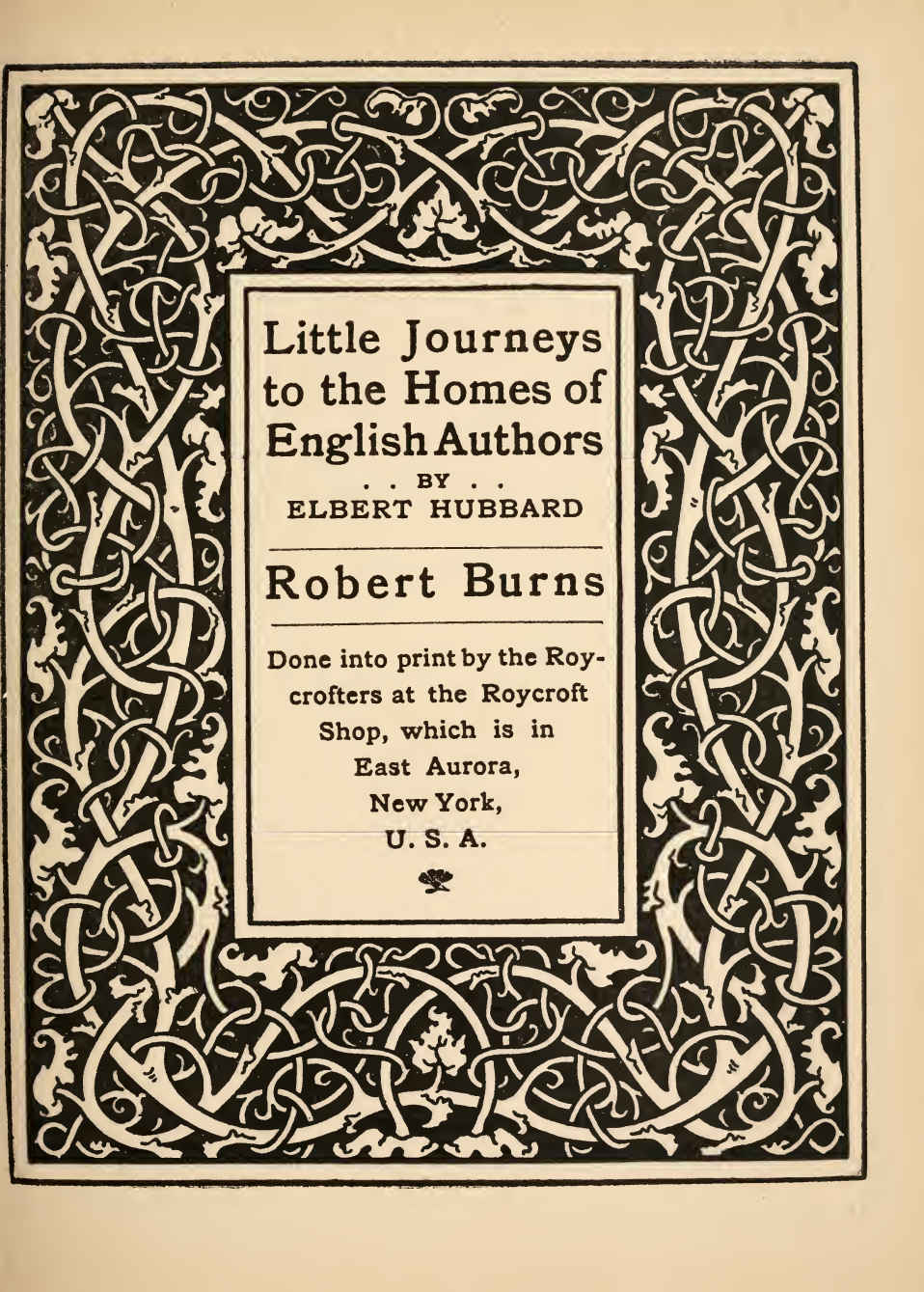
- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1 William Morris | 7 Macaulay |
| 2 Robert Browning | 8 Byron |
| 3 Tennyson | 9 Addison |
| 4 Robert Burns | 10 Southey |
| 5 John Milton | 11 Coleridge |
| 6 Samuel Johnson | 12 Disraeli |

☛ One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st. Hereafter the JOURNEYS will be issued by the Roycrofters, instead of G. P. Putnam's Sons, as formerly. The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1900 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type is a new set of antique black face. The initials were designed especially for this work by Mr. Samuel Warner (honest Roycrofter). The paper is English hand-made. The booklets will be stitched by hand with silk. A photogravure portrait on Japan Vellum will accompany each booklet as a frontispiece.

☛ The price of these booklets will be twenty-five cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora, N. Y.

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Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors

BY
ELBERT HUBBARD

Robert Burns

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora,
New York,
U. S. A.



TO JEANIE.

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The world's wealth and grandeur.

And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life, alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
I 'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure.

And by thy een, sae bonie blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever :
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

ROBERT BURNS



Robert Burns



HE business of Robert Burns was ROBERT
love-making. BURNS

All love is good, but some kinds of love are better than others. Through Burns' penchant for falling in love we have his songs. A Burns bibliography is simply a record of his love affairs, and the spasms of repentance that followed his lapses are made manifest in religious verse.

Poetry is the very earliest form of literature, and is the natural expression of a person in love; and I suppose we might as well admit the fact at once, that without love there would be no poetry.

Poetry is the bill and coo of sex. All poets are lovers, and all lovers, either actual or potential, are poets. Potential poets are the people who read poetry; and so without lovers the poet would never have a market for his wares.

If you have ceased to be moved by religious emotion; if your spirit is no longer surged by music; and you do not linger over certain lines of poetry, it is because the love instinct in your heart has withered to ashes of roses. It is idle to imagine Bobby Burns as

ROBERT a staid member of the Kirk; had he a' been, there
BURNS would now be no Bobby Burns.

The literary ebullition of Robert Burns, he himself has told us, began shortly after he had reached the age of indiscretion; and the occasion was his being paired in the hay-field, according to the Scottish custom, with a bonnie lassie. This custom of pairing still endures, and is what the students of sociology call an expeditious move. The Scotch are great economists—the greatest in the world. Adam Smith, the father of the science of economics, was a Scotchman; and Draper, author of "A History of Civilization," flatly declares that Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" has influenced the people of Earth for good more than any book ever written—save none.

The Scotch are great conservators of energy.

The practice of pairing men and women in the hay-field gets the work done. One man and woman going down the grass-grown path afield might linger and dally by the way. They would never make hay, but a company of a dozen or more men and women would not only reach the field, but do a lot of work. In Scotland the hay-harvest is short—when the grass is in bloom, just right to make the best hay, it must be cut. And so the men and women, the girls and boys, sally forth. It is a jolly picnic time, looked forward to with fond anticipation, and gazed back upon with sweet, sad memories, or otherwise, as the case may be.

But they all make hay while the sun shines, and count

it joy. Liberties are allowed during haying-time that otherwise would be declared scandalous ; during haying-time the Kirk waives her censor's right, and priest and people mingle joyously. Wives are not jealous during hay-harvest, and husbands never fault-finding, because they each get even by allowing a mutual license. In Scotland during haying-time every married man works alongside of some other man's wife. To the psychologist it is somewhat curious how the desire for propriety is overridden by a stronger desire—the desire for the shilling. The Scotch farmer says, “ anything to get the hay in ”—and by loosening a bit the strict bands of social custom the hay is harvested.

In the hay-harvest the law of natural selection holds ; partners are often arranged for weeks in advance ; and trysts continue year after year. Old lovers meet, touch hands in friendly scuffle for a fork, drink from the same jug, recline at noon and eat lunch in the shade of a friendly stack, & talk to heart's content as they Maud Muller on a summer's day.

Of course this jousness of the haying-time is not wholly monopolized by the Scotch. Have n't you seen the jolly haying parties in Southern Germany, France, Switzerland and the Tyrol ? How the bright costumes of the men and the jaunty attire of the women gleam in the glad sunshine !

But the practice of pairing is carried to a degree of perfection in Scotland that I have not noticed elsewhere. Surely it is a great economic scheme ! It is like that in-

ROBERT vention of a Connecticut man, which utilizes the ebb
BURNS and flow of the ocean tides to turn a grist-mill. And it seems queer that no one has ever attempted to utilize the waste of dynamic force involved in the maintenance of the Company Sofa.

In Ayrshire, I have started out with a haying party of twenty—ten men and ten women—at six o'clock in the morning and worked until six at night. I never worked so hard, nor did so much. All day long there was a fire of jokes and jolly jibes, interspersed with song, while beneath all ran a gentle hum of confidential interchange of thought. The man who owned the field was there to direct our efforts, and urge us on in well doing by merry raillery, threat, and joyous rivalry.

The point I make is this—we did the work. Take heed, ye Captains of Industry & note this truth, that where men and women work together, under right influences, much good is accomplished, & the work is pleasurable.

♣ Of course there are vinegar-faced philosophers who say that the Scotch custom of pairing young men and maidens in the hay-field is not without its effect on esoterics, also on vital statistics ; & I'm willing to admit there may be danger in the scheme, but life is a dangerous business anyway—few indeed get out of it alive.





URNS succeeded in his love-making & succeeded in poetry, **ROBERT BURNS** but at everything else he was a failure. He failed as a farmer, a father, a friend, in society, as a husband, and in business.

From his twenty-third year his days were passed in sinning and repenting.

Poetry and love-making should be carried on with caution: they form a terrific tax on life's forces. Most poets die young, not because the gods especially love them, but because life is a bank account, and to wipe out your balance is to have your checks protested. The excesses of youth are drafts payable at maturity. Chatterton dead at eighteen, Keats at twenty-six, Shelley at thirty-three, Byron at thirty-six, Poe at forty, and Burns at thirty-seven are the rule. When drafts made by the men mentioned became due, there was no balance to their credit and Charon beckoned *~~~~~*

Most life insurance companies now ask the applicant this question, "Do you write poetry to excess?" Shakespeare, to be sure, clung to life until he was fifty-three, but this seems the limit. Dickens and Thackeray, senile and tottering, died at the same age Shakespeare died. Of course I know that Browning, Tennyson, Morris and Bryant lived to a fair old age, but this was on borrowed time, for in the early life of each there

ROBERT was a hiatus of from ten to eighteen years, when the
BURNS men never wrote a line, nor touched a drop of anything, bravely eschewing all honey from Hymettus. Then the four men last named were all happily married, and married life is favorable to longevity, but not to poetry. As a rule only single men, or those unhappily mated, make love and write poetry. Men happily married make money, cultivate content, and evolve an aldermanic front, but love and poetry are symptoms of unrest.

Thus is Emerson's proposition partially proved, that in life all things are bought & must be paid for with a price—
—even success & happiness.





URNS once explained to Thomas **ROBERT**
Moore that the first fine, care- **BURNS**

less rapture of his song was awakened into being when he was sixteen years old, by "a bonie sweet sonsie lass" whom we now know as "Handsome Nell." Her other name to us is vapor, and history is silent as to her life-pilgrimage. Whether she lived to realize that she had first given voice to one of the great singers of earth—of this we are also ignorant. She was one year younger than Burns, and little more than a child when she and Bobby lagged behind the troop of tired hay-makers, and walked home, hand in hand, in the gloaming ♣ Here is one of the stanzas addressed to "Handsome Nell:"

She dresses all so clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel,
And then there 's something in her gait
Makes any dress look weel.

And how could Nell then ever guess why her cheeks burned scarlet, and why she was so sorry when haying-time was over? She was sweet, innocent, artless and their love was very natural, tender, innocent. It's a pity that all loves cannot remain in just that idyllic milk-maid stage, where the girls and boys awaken in the early morning with the birds, and hasten forth bare-foot across the dewy fields to find the cows. But love

ROBERT never tarries. Love is progressive ; it cannot stand still.

BURNS I have heard of the "passiveness" of woman's love, but the passive woman is only one who does not love—she merely consents to have affection lavished upon her. When I hear of a passive woman, I always think of the befuddled sailor who once saw one of those dummy dress frames, all duly clothed in a flaming bombazine (I think it was bombazine) in front of a clothing establishment. The sailor, mistaking the dummy for a near and dear lady friend, embraced the wire apparatus and imprinted a resounding smack on the chaste plaster-Paris cheek. Meeting the sure-enough lady shortly after he upbraided her for her cold passivity on the occasion named.

A passive woman—one who consents to be loved—should seek occupation among those worthy firms who warrant a fit in ready made gowns, or money refunded. ♣ Love is progressive—it hastens onward like the brook hurrying to the sea. They say that love is blind : love may be short-sighted, or inclined to strabismus, or see things all out of their true proportion, magnifying pleasant little ways into seraphic virtues, but love is not really blind—the bandage is never so tight but that it can peep. The only kind of love that is really blind and deaf is Platonic love. Platonic love has n't the slightest idea where it is going, and so there are surprises and shocks in store for it. The other kind, with eyes wide open, is better. I know a man who has tried both ♣ Love is progressive. All things that live should

progress. To stand still is to retreat, and to retreat is death ♣ Love dies, of course. All things die, or become something else. And often they become something else by dying. Behold the eternal Paradox! The love that evolves into a higher form is the better kind. Nature is intent on evolution, yet of the myriad of spores that cover earth, most of them are doomed to death; and of the countless rays sent out by the sun, the number that fall athwart this planet are infinitesimal. Edward Carpenter calls attention to the fact that disappointed love, that is, love that is "lost," often affects the individual for the highest good. Love in its essence is a spiritual emotion, and its office seems to be an interchange of thought and feeling; but often thwarted in its object it becomes general, transforms itself into sympathy, and embracing a world, goes out to and blesses all mankind.

Very, very rare is the couple that have the sense and poise to allow passion just enough mulberry leaves, so it will spin a beautiful silken thread, out of which a Jacob's ladder can be constructed, reaching to the Infinite. Most lovers in the end wear love to a fringe, and there remains no ladder with angels ascending and descending—not even a dream of a ladder. Instead of the silken ladder on which one can mount to Heaven, there is usually a dark, dank road to nowhere over which is thrown a package of letters & trinkets, all fastened 'round with a white ribbon, tied in a lover's knot. The many loves of Robert Burns all ended in a black

ROBERT
BURNS

ROBERT jumping-off-place, and before he had reached high
BURNS noon, he tossed over the last bundle of white-ribboned
missives and tumbled in after them. The life of
Burns is a tragedy, through which are inter-
spersed sparkling scenes of gayety, as if to
retrieve the depth of bitterness that
would otherwise be unbearable.

Go ask Mary Morison, High-
land Mary, Agnes McLe-
hose, Betty Alison, or
Jean Armour!





HE poems of Robert Burns fall easily into four divisions. **ROBERT BURNS**

First, those that were written while he was warmly wooing the object of his affection.

Second, those written after he had won her.

Third, those written when he failed to win her.

Fourth, those written when he felt it his duty to write, and really had nothing to say.

♣ The first named were written because he could not help it, and are, for the most part, rarely excellent. They are joyous, rapturous, sprightly, dancing, and filled with references to sky, clouds, trees, fruit, grain, birds and flowers. Birds and flowers, by the way, are peculiarly lovers' properties. The song and the plumage of birds, and the color and perfume of flowers are all distinctly sex manifestations. Robert Burns sang his songs just as the bird wings and sings, and for the same reason. Sex holds first place in the thought of Nature ; and sex in the minds of men and women holds a much larger place than most of us are willing to admit. All religious emotion and all art are born of the sex instinct.

♣ The second variety of Burns' poems, written after he had won her, are touched with religious emotion, or filled with vain regret and deep remorse, as the case may be, all owing to the quality and kind of success achieved, and the influence of the Dog Star.

ROBERT BURNS Burns wrote several deeply religious poems. Now, men are very seldom really religious and contrite, excepting after an excess. Following a debauch a man signs the pledge, vows chastity, writes fervently of asceticism and the need of living in the spirit and not in the senses. Good pictures show best on a dark background *~~~~~*

“The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” perhaps the most quoted of any of Burns’ poems, is plainly the result of a terrible tip to t’other side. The author had gone so far in the direction of Venusburg that he resolved on getting back, and living thereafter a staid & proper life.

✻ In order to reform you must have an ideal, & the ideal of Burns, on the occasion of having exhausted all capacity for sin, is embodied in the “Saturday Night.” It is a beautiful dream. The real Scottish cotter is quite another kind of a person. The religion of the live cotter is well seasoned with fear, malevolence and absurd dogmatism. The amount of love, patience, excellence and priggishness shown in “The Cotter’s Saturday Night” never existed excepting in a poet’s dream.

In stanza Number Ten of that particular poem is a bit of unconscious autobiography that might as well ha’ been omitted, but in leaving it in, Burns was loyal to the thought that surged through his brain.

People who are not scientific in their speech often speak of the birds being happy. My opinion is that birds are not any more happy than men—probably not as much so. Many birds, like the English sparrow and

blue jay, quarrel all day long. Come to think of it, I believe that man is happier than the birds. He has a sense of remorse, and this suggests a reformation, and from the idea of reformation comes the picturing of an ideal. This exercise of the imagination is pleasure, for indeed there is a certain satisfaction in every form of exercise of the faculties. There is a certain pleasure in pain: for pain is never all pain. And sin sometimes is not wholly bad, if through it we pass into a higher life, the life of the spirit.

ROBERT
BURNS

Anything is better than the Dead Sea of neutral nothingness, wherein a man merely avoids sin by doing nothing and being nothing. The stirring of the imagination by sorrow for sin, sometimes causes the soul to wing a far-reaching upward flight.

Asceticism is often only a form of sensuality: the man finds satisfaction in overcoming the flesh. And wherever you find asceticism you find potential passion—a smouldering volcano held in check by a devotion to duty; and a gratification is oft found in fidelity.

The moral and religious poems of Burns were written in a desire to work off a fit of depression, and make amends for folly. They are sincere and often very excellent. Great preachers have often been great sinners, and the sermons that have moved men most are often a direct recoil from sin on part of the preacher. Remorse finds play in preaching repentance. When a man talks much about a virtue, be sure that he is clutching for it. Temperance fanatics are men with a taste for

ROBERT strong drink, trying hard to keep sober ♣ **The moral &**
BURNS religious poems of Robert Burns are not equal to his love songs. The love songs are free, natural, untrammelled & unrestrained ; while his religious poems have a vein of rotten warp running through them in the way of affectation and pretence. From this I infer that sin is natural, and remorse partially so. In Burns' moral poems the author tries to win back the favor of respectable people, which he had forfeited. In them there is a violence of direction ; and all violence of direction—all endeavors to please and placate certain people are fatal to an artist. You must work to please only yourself 🌿

Work to please yourself and you develop and strengthen the artistic conscience. Cling to that and it shall be your mentor in times of doubt : you need no other. There are writers who would scorn to write a muddy line, and would hate themselves for a year and a day should they dilute their thought with the platitude of the fear-ridden peoples. Be yourself and speak your mind to-day, though it contradict all you have said before. And above all, in art, work to please yourself—that Other Self that stands over and behind you looking over your shoulder, watching your every act, word and deed—knowing your every thought. Michael Angelo would not paint a picture on order. "I have a critic who is more exacting than you," said Meissonier—"it is my Other Self."

Rosa Bonheur painted pictures just to please her Other


Self, and never gave a thought of anyone else, nor wanted to think of anyone else, and having painted to please herself, she made her appeal to the great Common Heart of humanity—the tender, the noble, the receptive, the earnest, the sympathetic, the loveable. That is why Rosa Bonheur stands first among women artists of all time : she worked to please her Other Self.

ROBERT
BURNS

♣ That is the reason Rembrandt, who lived at the same time Shakespeare lived, is to-day without a rival in portraiture. He had the courage to make an enemy. When at work he never thought of anyone but his Other Self, and so he infused soul into every canvas. The limpid eyes look down into yours from the walls & tell of love, pity, earnestness and deep sincerity. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image, and when he portrays someone else, he pictures himself, too—this provided his work is Art. If it is but an imitation of something seen somewhere, or done by someone else, or done to please a patron with money, no breath of life has been breathed into its nostrils and it is nothing, save possibly dead perfection—no more.

Is it easy to please your Other Self? Try it for a day. Begin to-morrow morning and say, “This day I will live as becomes a man. I will be filled with good cheer and courage. I will do what is right ; I will work for the highest ; I will put soul into every hand-grasp, every smile, every expression—into all my work. I will live to satisfy my Other Self.”

Do you think it is easy? Try it for a day.

ROBERT BURNS Robert Burns wrote some deathless lines—lines written out of the freshness of his heart, simply to please himself, with no furtive eye on Dumfries, Edinburgh, the Kirk, or the Unco Gudes of Ayrshire ; & these are the lines that have given him his place in the world of letters 

The other day I was made glad by finding that John Burroughs, Poet & Prophet, says that the male thrush sings to please himself, out of pure delight, and pleasing himself, he pleases his mate. "The female," says Burroughs, "is always pleased with a male that is pleased with himself."

The various controversial poems (granting for argument's sake that controversy is poetic) were written when Burns was smarting under the sense of defeat. These show a sharp insight into the heart of things, and a lively wit, but are not sufficient foundation on which to build a reputation. Ali Baba can do as well. Considering the fact that twice as many people make pilgrimages to the grave of Burns as visit the grave of Shakespeare, & that his poems are on the shelves of every library, his name now needs no defense.

The ores are very seldom found pure, and if even the work of Deity is composite, why should we be surprised that man, His creature, should express himself in a varying scale of excellence !





HERE was certainly no Jack **ROBERT**
Falstaff about Francis Schlatter, whose whitened bones were found amid the alkali dust of the desert, a few months ago—dead in an endeavor to do without meat and drink for forty days.

Schlatter purported, and believed, that he was the re-incarnation of the Messiah. Letters were sent to him, addressed simply, "Jesus Christ, Denver, Colorado," and he walked up to the General Delivery window & asked for them with a confidence, we are told, that relieved the postmaster of a grave responsibility.

Schlatter was no mere ordinary pretender, working on the superstitions of shallow-pated people. He lived up to his belief—took no money, avoided notoriety when he could, and the proof of his sincerity lies in the fact that he died a victim to it.

Herbert Spencer has said all about the Messianic Instinct that there is to say, save this—the Messianic Instinct first had its germ in the heart of a woman. Every woman dreams of the coming of the Ideal Man—the man who will give her protection, even to giving up his life for her, and vouchsafe peace to her soul.

I am told by a noted Bishop of the Catholic Church that most women who become nuns are prompted to take their vows solely through the occasion of an un-

ROBERT requited love. They become the bride of the Church
BURNS and find their highest joy in following the will of Christ.
He is their only Lord and Master.

The terms of endearment one hears at prayer meetings, "Blessed Jesus," "Dear Jesus," "Loving Jesus," "Elder Brother," "Patient, gentle Jesus," etc., were first used by women in an ecstasy of religious transportation. And the thought of Jesus as a loving "personal Savior," would die from the face of the earth did not woman keep it alive. The religious nature and the sex nature are closely akin; no psychologist can tell where one ends and the other begins.

There may be wooden women in the world, & of these I will not speak, but every strong, pulsing, feeling, thinking woman goes through life, seeking the Ideal Man. Whether she is married or single, rich or poor, old or young, every new man she meets is interesting to her, because she feels in some mysterious way, that possibly he is the One.

Of course, I know that every good man, too, seeks the Ideal Woman—but that deserves another chapter.


The only woman in whose heart there is not the live, warm, Messianic Instinct, is the wooden woman, and the one who believes she has already found him. But this latter is holding an illusion that soon vanishes with possession.

That pale, low-voiced, gentle and insane man, Francis Schlatter, was followed at times by troops of women. These women believed in him and loved him—in dif-

ferent ways, of course, and with passion, varying according to temperament and the domestic environment already existing. To love deeply is a matter of propinquity and opportunity.

One woman, whom "The Healer" had cured of a lingering disease, loved this man with a wild, mad, absorbing passion. Chance gave her the opportunity. He came to her house, cold, hungry, homeless, sick. She fed him, warmed him, looked into his liquid eyes, sat at his feet and listened to his voice—she loved him—and partook of his every mental delusion.

This woman now waits and watches in her mountain home for his return. She knows the coyotes and buzzards picked the scant flesh from his starved frame, but she says, "He promised he would come back to me, and he will. I am waiting for him here."

This woman writes me long letters from her solitude, telling me of her hopes & plans. Just why all the cranks in the United States should write me letters, I do not know, but they do—perhaps there is a sort o' fellow feeling. This woman may write letters to others, just as she does to me. Of this I do not know, but surely I would not thus make public the heart tragedy told me in a private letter, were it not that the woman herself has printed a pamphlet, setting forth her faith and veiling only those things into which it is not our right to pry 

This Mary Magdalene believes her lover was the Chosen Son of God, and that the Father will re-clothe the Son

ROBERT in a new garment of flesh and send him back to his be-
BURNS loved. So she watches and waits, and dresses herself to receive him, and at night places a lighted lantern in the window to guide the way.

She watches and waits.

Other women wait for footsteps that will never come, & listen for a voice that will never be heard. All 'round the world there is a sisterhood of such. Some, being wise, lose themselves in loving service to others—in useful work. But this woman, out in the wilds of New Mexico, hugs her sorrow to her heart, and feeds her passion by recounting it, and watches away the leaden hours, crying aloud to all who will listen: "He is not dead—he is not dead! He will come back to me! He promised it—he will come back to me! This long, dreary waiting is only a test of my loyalty and love! I will be patient, for he will come back to me! He will come back to me."

This world would be a sorry place if most men conducted their lives on the Robert Burns plan. Burns was affectionate, tender, generous and kind; but he was not wise. He never saw the future, nor did he know that life is a sequence, and if you do this, it is pretty sure to lead to that. His loves were largely of the earth.

Excess was a part of his wayward, undisciplined nature; and that constant tendency to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains bound him at last, hand and foot. His old age could never have been frosty, but kindly—it would have been babbling, irritable, sen-

ile, sickening. Death was kind and reaped him young. **ROBERT**

♣ Sex was the rock on which Robert Burns split. He seemed to regard pleasure-seeking as the prime end of life, and in this he was not so very far removed from the prevalent "civilized" society notion of marriage. But it is a fantasmal idea, and makes a mock of marriage, serving the satirist his excuse.

BURNS

To a great degree the race is yet barbaric and as a people we fail utterly to touch the hem of the garment of Divinity. We have been mired in the superstition that sex is unclean, and therefore honesty and expression in love matters have been tabooed.

But the day will yet dawn when we will see that it takes two to generate thought; that there is the male man and the female man, and only where these two walk together hand in hand is there a perfect sanity and a perfect physical, moral and spiritual health.

We will yet realize that a sex relationship which does not symbol a spiritual condition is sacrilege.

We reach infinity through the love of one, and loving this one, we are in love with all. And this condition of mutual sympathy, trust, reverence, forbearance and gentleness that can exist between a man and woman gives the only hint of Heaven that mortals ever know. From the love of man for woman we guess the love of God, just as the scientist from a single bone constructs the skeleton—aye! and then clothes it in a complete garment.

In their love affairs women are seldom wise nor men

ROBERT just. How should we expect them to be when but yes-
BURNS terday Woman was a chattel and man a slave-owner? Woman won by diplomacy—that is to say by trickery and untruth, and man had his way through force, and neither is quite willing to disarm. An amalgamated personality is the rare exception, because neither church, state nor society yet fully recognizes the fact that spiritual comradeship and the marriage of the mind constitute the only Divine mating. Dr. Blalock once said that Robert Burns had eyes like the Christ. Women who looked into those wide-open, generous orbs lost their hearts in the liquid depths.

In the natures of Robert Burns and Francis Schlatter there was little in common; but their experiences were alike in this: they were beloved by women. Behind him Burns left a train of weeping women—a trail of broken hearts. And I can never think of him except as a mere youth—"Bobby Burns"—one who never came into man's estate. In all his love-making he seemed never to really benefit any woman, nor did he avail himself of the many mental and spiritual excellences of woman's nature, absorbing them into his own. He only played a devil's tattoo upon her emotions.

If Burns knew anything of the beauty and excellence of a high and holy friendship between a thinking man and a thinking woman, with mutual aims, ideals and ambitions, he never disclosed it. The love of a man for a maid, or a maid for a man, can never last, unless these two mutually love a third something. Then, as

they are travelling the same way, they may move for- ROBERT
ward hand in hand, mutually sustained. The marriage BURNS
of the mind is the only compact that endures. I
love you because you love the things that I love.

That man alone is great who utilizes the
blessings that God provides; and of
these blessings no gift equals the
gentle, trusting companion-
ship of a good woman.




ROBERT
BURNS



HAVING written thus far, I find that already I have reached the limit of my allotted space.

In closing, it may not be amiss for me to state that Robert Burns was an Irish poet whose parents happened to be Scotch. He was born in Ayrshire in 1759. He died in 1796, and is buried at Dumfries.

His mother survived him thirty-eight years, passing out in 1834. Burns left four sons, each of whom was often pointed out as the son of his father—but none of them was.

This is all I think of, at present, concerning Robert Burns 

For further facts I must refer the Gentle Reader to the Encyclopedia Brittanica, a compilation that I cheerfully recommend, it having been vouched for to me by a dear friend, a clergyman of East Aurora, who, the past year, perused the entire work, from A to Z, reading five hours a day, & therefore is competent to speak.



96a

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF ROBERT BURNS, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUB-
BARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY,
N. Y., IN THE MONTH OF APRIL IN THE YEAR MCM 7

AT the AUCTION SALE, held in
New York, March 1900, of the
LIBRARY of the late AUGUSTIN DALY,
ROYCROFT BOOKS sold as follows:

Names of Books and Auction Sale prices.	Original price.
THE PHILISTINE, Vols. 1-7, last three unbound, \$3.50 per vol.,	\$24.50 3.50
RUBAIYAT, No. 763 of 920 copies, green chamois,	7.50 2.00
RUBAIYAT, Half gray levant,	6.50 2.00
RUSKIN-TURNER, inscribed,	16.00 5.00
ECCLESIASTES,	10.00 2.00
ART AND LIFE, Japan paper,	7.50 5.00
ON GOING TO CHURCH,	3.00 1.00
BOOK-WORM, Autographs of Irving Browne and Elbert Hubbard, one of 590 copies,	16.00 5.00
UPLAND PASTURES, illuminated copy, 9 aquarelles,	21.00 7.50
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JOB, One of 350 copies,	12.00 5.00
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IN MEMORIAM,	7.50 2.00
SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE, Autograph letter from publisher enclosed,	18.50 5.00
FAMOUS WOMEN, De luxe,	13.00 10.00
SEEMS TO ME, On Japan Vellum, one of 40 copies,	11.00 10.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of ENGLISH AUTHORS

JOHN MILTON

VOL. VI. MAY, MCM. No. 5.

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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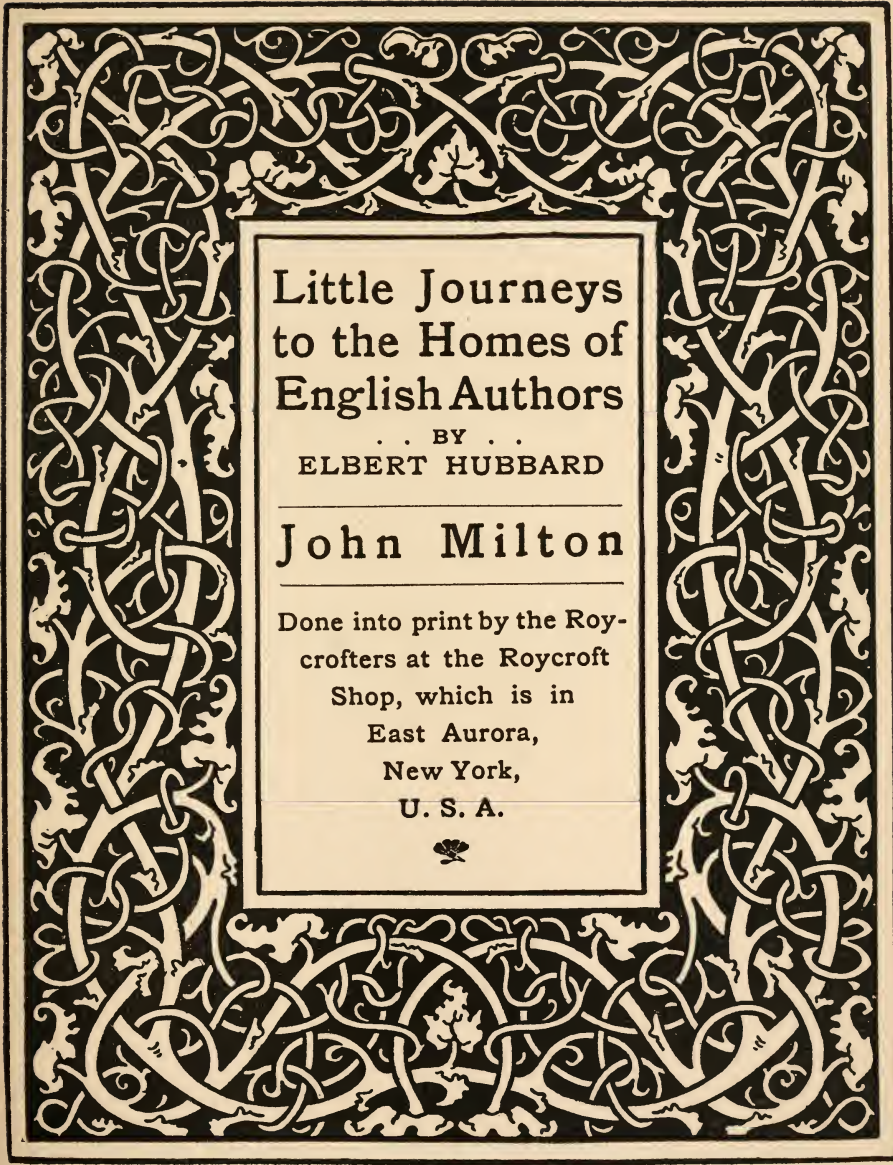
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| 1 William Morris | 7 Macaulay |
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THE ROYCROFTERS,
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Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors

BY
ELBERT HUBBARD

John Milton

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora,
New York,
U. S. A.



Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me ; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

—Paradise Lost : Book III.

JOHN MILTON



SHAKESPEARE and Milton lived at **JOHN**
the same time. John Milton was eight **MILTON**
years old when William Shakespeare
died. The Miltons lived in Bread
Street, and out of the back garret
window of their house could catch
a glimpse of the Globe Theatre.
The father of John Milton might have
known Shakespeare — might have
dined with him at the "Mermaid,"
played skittles with him on Hamp-
stead Heath, fished with him from the
same boat in the river at Richmond ;
and John Milton, the lawyer, might
have discreetly schemed for passes
to the "Globe" and gone with his
boy John, Junior, to see "As You
Like It" played, with the Master
himself in the role of old Adam.
Bread Street was just off Cheapside,
where the Mermaid Tavern stood,
and where Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben
Jonson and other roysterers often
lingered and made the midnight echo
with their mirth. In all probability,
John Milton, Senior, father of John
Milton, Junior, knew Shakespeare
well. But the Miltons owned their
home, were rich, influential, emi-

JOHN nently respectable, attended Saint Giles Church, and
MILTON really did n't care to cultivate the society of play-actors who kept bad hours, slept in the theatre, and had meal-tickets at half a dozen taverns.

There were six children born into the Milton family, three of whom died in infancy. Of the survivors, the eldest was Anne, the second John, the third Christopher.

Anne was strong, robust & hearty; John was slender, pale, with dreamy dark gray eyes and a head too big for his body; Christopher was so-so. And, in passing, it is well to explain, once for all, that Christopher made his way straight to the front in life, taking up his father's business, being appointed a Court Officer, then promoted to the Woolsack, became rich, cultivated a double chin, was knighted & passed out full of honors. The chief worryment and cause of shame in the life of Sir Christopher Milton came from the unseemly conduct of his brother John, who was much given to producing political and theological pamphlets. And once in desperation Sir Christopher Milton requested John Milton to change his family name, that the tribe of Milton might be saved the disgrace of having in it "a traducer of the State, an enemy of the King, and a falsifier of Truth."

Sir Christopher Milton was an excellent and worthy man, and I must apologize for not giving him more attention at this time, but lack of space forbids.

Sickly boys who are wise beyond their years are ever

the pets of big sisters, and the object of loving, jealous, **JOHN**
zealous care on the part of their mothers. John Milton **MILTON**
talked like an oracle while yet a child, and one biogra-
pher records that even as a babe he sometimes mildly
reproved his parents for levity.

He was a precocious child, and have we not been told
that precocity does not train on? But this boy was an
exception. He was incarnated into a family that prized
music, poetry, philosophy, and yet held fast to the
Christian faith. His father set psalms to music, his
sister wrote madrigals, and his mother played sweet
strains on a harp to waken him at morningtide. The
entire household united in a devotion to poetry and art.
Possibly this atmosphere of high thinking was too
rarified for real comfort—the gravity of the situation
being sustained only by a stern effort.

But no matter—father, mother and sister joined hands
to make the pale, handsome boy a prodigy of learning
—one that would surprise the world and leave his im-
press on the time.

And they succeeded.

Of the three Milton children that passed away in
childhood, I cannot but think that they succumbed to
overtraining, being crammed quite after the German
custom of stuffing geese so as to produce that delicious
diseased tidbit known to gourmets as *pate de foie gras*.
John Milton stood the cramming process like a true
hero. His parents set him apart for the Church—there-
fore he must be learned in books, familiar with lan-

JOHN guages, versed in theories. They desired he should
MILTON have knowledge, which they did not know was quite a different thing from wisdom.

So the boy had a private tutor in Greek and Latin at nine years of age, and even then began to write verse. At ten years of age his father had the lad's portrait painted by that rare and thrifty Dutchman, Cornelius Jansen. We have this picture now and it reveals the pale, grave, winsome face with the flowing curls that we always recognize.

No expense or pains were spared in the boy's education. The time was divided up for him as the hours are for a soldier. One tutor after another took him in hand during the day, but the change of study and a glad respite of an hour in the morning and the same in the afternoon, for music, bore him up.

He was the pride of his parents, the delight of his tutors.

Three years were spent at St. Paul's School; then he was sent to Cambridge. From there he wrote to his mother, "I am penetrating into the inmost recesses of the Muses; climbing high Olympus, visiting the green pastures of Parnassus and drinking deep from Pierian Springs."

This is terrible language for a child of fourteen. A boy who would talk like that now would be a proper and fit target for cabbages. And no fond parent must for a moment imagine that by following the system laid out for the education of John Milton, can a John Milton

be produced. The Miltonian curriculum in use to-day would be sufficient excuse for action on the part of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. **JOHN MILTON**

But John Milton, the weak-eyed boy with the chronic headache, had a deal of whip-cord fiber in his make-up. He stood the test and grubbed at his books every night until the clocks tolled twelve. He was born at a peculiar time, being the child of the Reformation married to the Renaissance. The toughness and grimness of Calvin were united in him with the tenderness of Erasmus. From out the Universal Energy, of which we are particles, he had called into his being qualities so diverse that they seem never to have been before or since united in one person.

He remained at Cambridge seven years. The beauty of his countenance had increased so that he was as one set apart. His finely chiseled features, framed in their flowing curls, held the attention of every person he met. A writer of the time described him as "a grave and sober person, but one not wholly ignorant of his own parts."

There is a sly touch in this sentence that sheds light upon "The Lady of Christ's." John Milton was a bit of a poseur, as Schopenhauer declares all great men are and ever have been. With the masterly mind goes a touch of the fakir. Milton knew his power—he gloried in this bright blade of the intellect.

He was handsome—and he knew it.

And yet we will not cavil at his velvet coats, or laces,

JOHN or the golden chain that adorned his slender, shapely
MILTON person. These things were only the transient, spring-time adornments that passion puts forth.

And yet I see that one writer mentions the chaste and ascetic quality of Milton's early life as proof of a cold and measured nature. Seemingly the writer does not know that intense feeling often finds a gratification in asceticism, and that vows of chastity are proof of passion. There are many ways of working off one's surplus energy—Milton was married to his work. He traversed the vast fields of Classic Literature, read in the original from Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, French, Spanish, Latin and Italian. He delved in abstruse mathematics, studied music as a science and labored at theology. In fact, he came to know so much of all religions that he had faith in none. He seemed to view religion in the cold, calculating light of a syllogistic problem—not as a warm, pulsing motive in life. His real religion was music, a fact he once frankly acknowledged.

On the pinions of music he was carried out and away beyond the boundaries of time and space, and there he found the rest for his soul, without which he would have sunk to earth and been covered by the kindly, drifting leaves of oblivion.

For some, the secrets of music, the wonder of love, and the misty, undefined prayers of the soul constitute true religion. When you place a creed in a crucible and afterward study the particles on a slide encased

in balsam, you are apt to get a residuum or something —a something that does not satisfy the heart.

**JOHN
MILTON**

Milton got well acquainted with theology. It was interesting, but not what he had supposed. He came to regard the Church as a useful part of the Government—divine, of course, as all good things are divine—but to become a priest and play a part—he would not do it.

He was honest—stubbornly honest.

Seven years he had been at Cambridge, and now that he was just ready to step into a “living,” right in the line of a promotion that his beauty and intellect naturally suggested, he balked.

It was a great blow to his parents. His mother pleaded; his father threatened: but they soon perceived that this son they had brought forth had a will stronger than theirs. Their fond dreams of his preferment—the handsome face of their boy above an oaken pulpit, with thousands feeding on his words, the public honors, and all that—faded away into tears and misty nothingness. But parenthood is doomed to disappointment—it does not endure long enough to see the end. Youth is so headstrong and willful: it will not learn from the experience of others.

And all these years of preparation and expense! Better he had died and been laid to rest with the three now in the churchyard.

Before Milton had served his seven years apprenticeship at Cambridge, his parents had moved to the vil-

JOHN MILTON lage of Horton—twenty miles out of London, Windsor-way.

The village of Horton has not changed much with the years, and a tramp across the fields from Eton by way of Burnham Beeches and Stoke Pogis, where Gray wrote "The Elegy," is quite worth while. It is a land of lazy woods, and winding streams and hedge-rows melodious with birds. One treads on storied ground, and if you wish you can recline beneath gnarled old oaks where Milton mused and scribbled, and wrote the first drafts of "L' Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

Milton loitered here at Horton for six years, and in the time produced just six poems.

He was thirty-two years of age, and had never earned a sixpence. But what bootied it! His father's & mother's home was his: they gladly supplied his every want; and his mother especially was ever his kindly critic and most intimate friend. His days were spent in study, dreams, lonely walks across green fields, and home-comings where, with his mother's hand in his, he would talk or recite to her in order to clarify the thought that pressed upon him. Very calm, very peaceful and very beautiful were those days. "The pensive attitude of mind brings the best result—not the active," he used to say. It was then he wrote to his old friend, Diodati, "You ask what I am about—what I am thinking of? Why, with God's help, I am thinking of immortality. Forgive the word, it is for your ear alone—I am pluming my wings for flight."

The good mother had misty, prophetic visions of what **JOHN** this flight might be, and had ceased to counsel her son **MILTON** against the sin of idleness. But she did not live to see her prophecies find form, for in this time of peace and love, when the vibrant air was filled with hope, she passed Beyond.

Long years after, John Milton exclaimed, "Oh! Why could she not have lived to know!" And the poignant grief of this son, then a man in years (with thirtieth birthday well behind), turned on the thought that he had disappointed **Her**—the mother who had loved him into being.





MILTON'S woes began with his marriage. In his "Defensio Secunda," he tells, with a touch of pride, of the absolute innocence that continued until his thirty-fifth year. When we consider how his combined innocence and ignorance plunged him into a sudden marriage with a bit of pink and white protoplasm, aged seventeen, we cannot but regret that he had not devoted a little of his valuable time to a study of femininity. And in some way we think of Thackeray, when he was being shown the marvelous works of a certain amateur artist. "Look at that! look at that!" cried the zealous guide, "and he never had a lesson in art in his life!" Thackeray adjusted his glasses, looked at the picture carefully, sighed and said, "What a pity he did n't have just a little good instruction!"

Milton the student, versed in abstraction and full of learned lore, went up the Thames seeking a little needed rest. Five miles from Oxford lived an ebb-tide aristocratic family by the name of Powell. Milton had long known this family, and it seems decided to tarry with them a day or so. Just why he sought their company no one ever knew, and Milton was too proud to tell. The brown thrush, rival of the lark and mocking-bird, seldom seeks the society of the blue-jay. But it

did this time. The Powells were roaring, riotous, royster- JOHN
ing, fox-hunting Wadsworthi, on the eve of bank- MILTON
ruptcy, with marriageable daughters.

The executive functions of love-making are best carried on by shallow people, so mediocre women often show rare skill in courtship and sometimes succeed in bagging big game. But surely Mary Powell had no conception of the greatness of Milton's intellect—she only knew that he was handsome, and her parents said he was rich.

There were feasting and mirth when Milton arrived back in town accompanied by his bride & various of her kinsmen. In all marriage festivals there is something pathetically absurd, and I never see a sidewalk awning spread without thinking of the one erected for John Milton and Mary Powell, who were led through it by an Erebus that was not only blind, but stone deaf.

John Milton was an ascetic, and lived in a realm of reverie and dreams; his wife had a strong bias toward the voluptuous, reveling in a world of sense, and demanding attention as her right. Milton began diving into his theories and books, and forgot the poor child who had no abstract world into which to withdraw. Suddenly deprived of the gay companionship that her father's house supplied, she felt herself aggrieved, alone; & tears of homesickness began to stream down her pretty cheeks.

When summoned into her husband's presence she had

JOHN MILTON nothing to say, and Milton, the theorist, discovered that what he had mistaken for the natural reticence and bashfulness of maidenhood was only density and lack of ideas. But the loneliness of the poor country girl, shut up in a student's den, is a deal more touching than the scholar's wail about "the silent and insensate" wife. The girl was being deprived of the rollicking freedom to which she had been used, but the great man was wailing the echoes with his wail for a companionship he had never known.

Yet the girl was shrewd. All women are shrewd, I am told, and some are wise and some are not; and many women there be who consider finesse an improvement on frankness. At the end of a month, Milton's wife contrived to have her parents send for her to return home on a visit that was to last only until come Michaelmas. But Michaelmas arrived and the young bride refused to return, sending back saucy answers to the great author of "Il Penseroso."

In the meantime Milton wrote pamphlets urging that divorce should be granted on the grounds of incompatibility; and pronouncing as inhuman the laws that gave freedom from marital woes on no less ignoble grounds than that a man should violate his honor.

There is pretty good evidence that a part of Milton's argument on the subject of divorce was written out while his wife was under his roof. This reveals a little lack of delicacy on part of the author; but it must be granted that Milton goes to the very bottom of the sub-

ject, even to stating the fact that those happily married **JOHN**
have neither pity nor patience with those mismated. **MILTON**
“If you want sympathy,” he says, “you must go to
those who are regarded as not respectable.” Any man
who writes on philosophy can find his every cue in
Plato, and he who discusses divorce from a radical
standpoint can find himself anticipated by Milton in
the Seventeenth Century. Every view is taken, even
down to the suggestion of a probationary marriage,
which Milton thought might come about when civil-
ization had ceased to crawl and began to walk.

One looks in vain for a trace of the unhappy wife of
Milton ever having read her husband's tracts. It is
probable she never did and would not have compre-
hended their import if she had; and it is very sure that
she never came to realize that she was wedded to the
greatest living man of the age. A truce was patched
up, on the bankruptcy of her father, and she came back
penitent, and was taken into favor. Not only did she
come back, but she brought her family; and the raven-
ous Royalists consumed the substance of the spiritual
and ascetic Puritan.

Had Milton then died, it is probable that the gladsome
widow would have been consolable and married again
very shortly, just as did the widows of Van Dyck and
Rubens, not knowing that to have been the wife of a
king was honor enough for one woman.

But after fifteen years of domestic “neglect,” during
which she doubtless benefited her husband by stirring

JOHN in him a noble discontent, she passed from earth; and
MILTON it was left for John Milton to repeat twice more his
marital venture with a similar result. And in this,
Fate sends back a fact that leers like Mephis-
topheles, in way of answer to Milton's
pamphlets on divorce : Why should the
state grant a divorce, when great
men refuse to learn by experi-
ence and, given the op-
portunity, only repeat
the blunders they
have already
made ?





OD in His goodness has in cer- JOHN
tain instances sent great men MILTON

angels of light for assistants—
mates who could comprehend
& sympathize with their ideals.
But it is expecting too much to
suppose that Nature can look
out for such a trifle as that the
right man should marry the right

woman. Nature possibly never considered a time contract, and she is a careless jade, anyway. She moves blindly along with never a thought for the individual.

Audubon, the naturalist, records that one-third of all birds hatched tumble out of the nest before they can fly, and once on the ground the parent birds are unable either to warm, feed or protect them.

Read the lives of the Great Men who have lived during the past three thousand years, and listen closely and you will hear the wild wail of neglected and unappreciated wives. A woman can forgive a beating, but to be forgotten—never. She hates, by instinct, an austere and self-contained character. Dignity & pride repel her; preoccupation keeps her aloof; concentration on an idea is unforgivable.

The wife of Tolstoy asking to have her husband adjudged insane is not a rare instance in the lives of thinkers. To think thoughts that are different from the thoughts one's neighbors think is surely good reason

JOHN why the man should be looked after. Recently we
MILTON have had evidence that the wife of Victor Hugo regarded the author of "Les Miserables" with suspicion, and at one time actually made preparations to let him enjoy his exile alone—she would back to Paris and enjoy life as every one should. At Guernsey there was no society!

When Isaac Newton called upon his lady-love and in a fit of abstraction, looking about for a utensil to push the tobacco down in his pipe, chanced upon the lady's little finger, the law of gravitation stood no show and Newton and his pipe were sent like nebulæ, whirling into space.

When the Great Inventor, absorbed in a problem as to Electricity (that thing which to us is only a name and of which we know nothing), forgets home, wife, child, supper; and midnight finds him in his laboratory, where he has been since sunrise—just imagine, if you please, the shrill greeting that is in cold storage for him when he stumbles home, haggard and worn, at dawn. How can he explain why he did this thing and answer the questions as to who was there, & what good it all did anyway!

Thought is a torture, and requires such a concentration of energy that there is nothing left for the soft courtesies. The day is fleeting, and the night cometh when no man can work. The hot impulse to grasp and materialize the dream ere it fades is strong upon the man.

Of course he is selfish—he sacrifices everything, as JOHN PALISSY did when fuel was short and the clay just at the turning point. Yes, the artist is selfish: he sacrifices his wife and society, and himself, too, to get the work done. Four-o’clocks, mealtime, bedtime, and all the household system as to pink teas, calls and etiquette, stand for naught. And down the corridors of Time comes to us the shrill wail of neglected wives, and the crash of broken hearts echoes like the sound of a painter falling through a skylight. All this is the price of achievement.



MAKING a little look backward into Milton's life we find that until his thirty-third year he had not tasted of practical life at all. About that time his father in a sort of desperation packed him off for the Continent, in charge of a trusty attendant, who acted in the dual capacity

of servant and friend. The letters he carried to influential men in Paris, Florence, Venice and Rome secured him the Speaker's eye, and his beauty and learning did the rest: His march was that of a conquering hero. In Paris he surprised the savants by addressing them in their own tongue, and reciting from their chief writers. This was repeated in Italy; and at Florence, as a sort of half-challenge for permission to occupy the highest seats, he was invited

JOHN MILTON to read from his own compositions, and this he did with such grace and power that thereafter all doors flew open at his touch.

Returning to England after an absence of fifteen months, he found his father's household broken up, and through bad investments the family fortune sadly depleted. But travel added cubits to his stature: the mixing with men had put him into possession of his own, and he now felt well able to cope with the world. He secured modest lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, and set to work to make a living and a name by authorship. His head teemed with themes for poems, but cash advances were not forthcoming from publishers, and, to bridge over, he tried tutoring.

It was at this time that "Paradise Lost" was conceived, and rough jottings were made as to divisions and heads, and a few stanzas were written of the immortal poem that was not to be completed for a score of years.

The first volume of Milton's poems was issued in 1645, when he was thirty-seven years of age. But before this there were pamphlets put forth that made political London reel. The author was at once seen to be a man of remarkable learning and marvelous intellect, and the work secured Milton a few friends and divers enemies.

From a man of leisure Milton had suddenly become a worker, whose every daylight hour was crammed with duties. His skill as a teacher brought him all the pu-

pils he cared for, and he moved into better quarters in Aldersgate. He was immersed in his work, was making valuable acquaintances among literary people, was revered by his pupils, and the happiness was his of knowing that he was influential and independent. A fine intoxication comes to every brain-worker when the world acknowledges with tangible remittances that the product of his mind has a value on the Rialto. Such was Milton's joy in 1643.

"The L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus" and "Lycidas" had established his place as a poet; & the power of his pen had been proven in sundry religious and political controversies.

In his household were two sons of his sister and several other pupils who had sought his tutorship.

He was contented in his work, pleased and happy with the young friends who sat at his board, and in the hour or two snatched each day from toil, for music and reverie.



JOHN
MILTON



EIZE upon the moments as they fly, O John Milton, & hug them to thy heart! Those were days of gold when your mother was your patient listener and friend. Her love enveloped you as an aura, and her voice, soft and low, upheld you when courage faltered. But these, too, are glorious days—days full of work and health, and hope, and high endeavor. But these days of peace and freedom are the last you shall ever know. Even now they flee as a shadow and fade into mist! Gross stupidity, silent and insensate, sits waiting for you at the door; calumny is near; taunting hate comes riding fast!

The sympathy for which you yearn shall be yours only in dreams, and you shall be cheated of all the tenderness for which your heart yearns. The love and gentleness which you associate with your mother, you ascribe in innocence and ignorance to all women; but Fate shall undeceive you, O John Milton, and make mock of all your high ideals. You dote on liberty, but liberty is not for you. You shall see the funeral of the Republic; the defamation of your honor; the proscription of all the sacred things you prize. Your companions shall not be of your own choosing, but shall be those who neither know nor value the sweet, subtle mintage of the mind. Around you mad riot shall surge,

a distaste for liberty shall prevail—an enthusiasm for **JOHN**
slavery. The glorious leaders of your Puritan faith **MILTON**
shall be condemned and executed, hanged, cut down
from the gallows alive, and quartered amid the hoarse
insults of the people they sought to serve; and you,
yourself, shall be hunted like a wild beast. You shall
see the prisons filled to overflowing with men and
women whose only crime was a love of truth. And a
libertine shall sit on the throne of the England that
you love. These things you shall see with those mild,
dark eyes, and then night, eternal night, shall settle
down upon you, and for those idle orbs no day shall
dawn, nor starry night appear, nor face of man nor
child shall be reflected there. Your sightlessness shall
give those who owe you gratitude and love oppor-
tunity to filch your gold, and finally fire shall rob you
of your books, and well-nigh all your treasures.
Your daughters shall neither esteem nor respect you,
and the lines you dictate shall be to them but the idle
vapors of a mind diseased. Your acute ears shall
hear these daughters express the wish that you were
dead; and then in your blindness you will give your-
self into the keeping of a woman as dull, dense and
unfeeling as the foolish child you first chose as wife.
But with it all your obstinacy shall constitute your
power; and that beauty which was yours in youth shall
be with you to the last. You shall feel all the torments
of the damned and become familiar with the scorch-
ing flames of hell, but as recompense the splendors

JOHN of the Celestial Kingdom shall open upon your inward
MILTON vision, and your soul shall behold that which the eyes
of earth have lost. Something great and proud
shall go out from your presence to all the dis-
cerning ones who shall approach you,
and your end shall be like the set-
ting of the sun, bright, calm,
poised and resplendent.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF JOHN MILTON, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUB-
BARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY,
N. Y., IN THE MONTH OF MAY IN THE YEAR MCM ❖ ❖

AT the AUCTION SALE, held Friday, April 20th, at the Rooms of JOHN ANDERSON, JR., 34 West 30th Street, New York City, the following named *ROYCROFT BOOKS* were disposed of at the prices mentioned:

Titles of Books and Auction Sale prices.	Original price	
THE SONG OF SONGS,	\$25.00	2.00
BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES,	7.00	2.00
RUSKIN AND TURNER,	18.00	5.00
SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE,	13.00	5.00
THE BOOK OF JOB,	21.00	5.00
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IN THE TRACK OF THE BOOKWORM,	21.00	5.00
UPLAND PASTURES,	13.00	5.00
THE DESERTED VILLAGE,	15.00	5.00
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SESAME AND LILIES,	10.00	2.00
THE PHILISTINE—Vols. I to V,	6.00	1.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of ENGLISH AUTHORS

SAMUEL JOHNSON

VOL. VI. JUNE, MCM. No. 6.

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF ENGLISH AUTHORS:

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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✿ The subjects will be as follows :

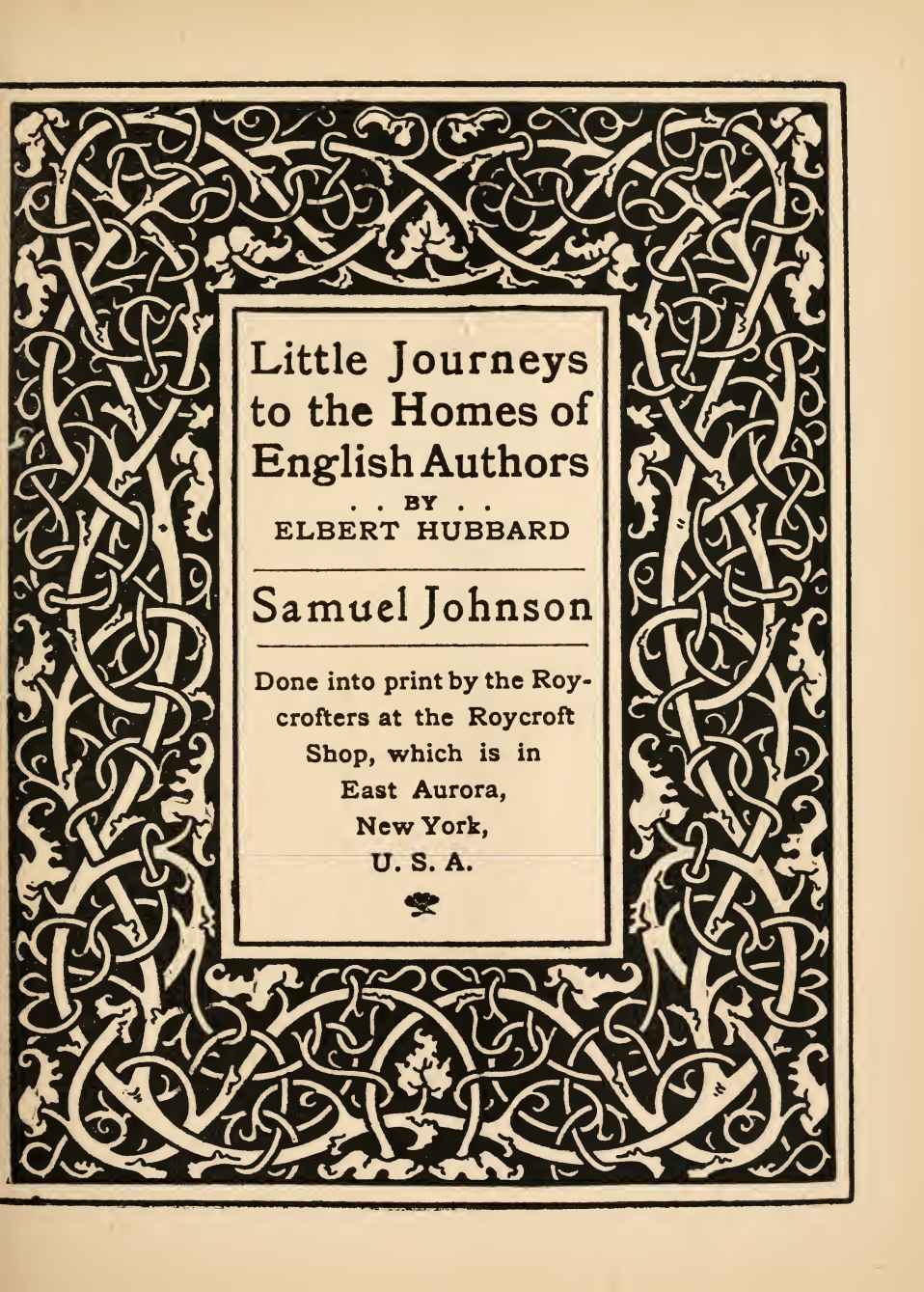
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2 Robert Browning	8 Byron
3 Tennyson	9 Addison
4 Robert Burns	10 Southey
5 John Milton	11 Coleridge
6 Samuel Johnson	12 Disraeli

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East Aurora, N. Y.

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Little Journeys
to the Homes of
English Authors

BY
ELBERT HUBBARD

Samuel Johnson

Done into print by the Roy-
crofters at the Roycroft
Shop, which is in
East Aurora,
New York,
U. S. A.



LETTER TO CHESTERFIELD.

* * * Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, & have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

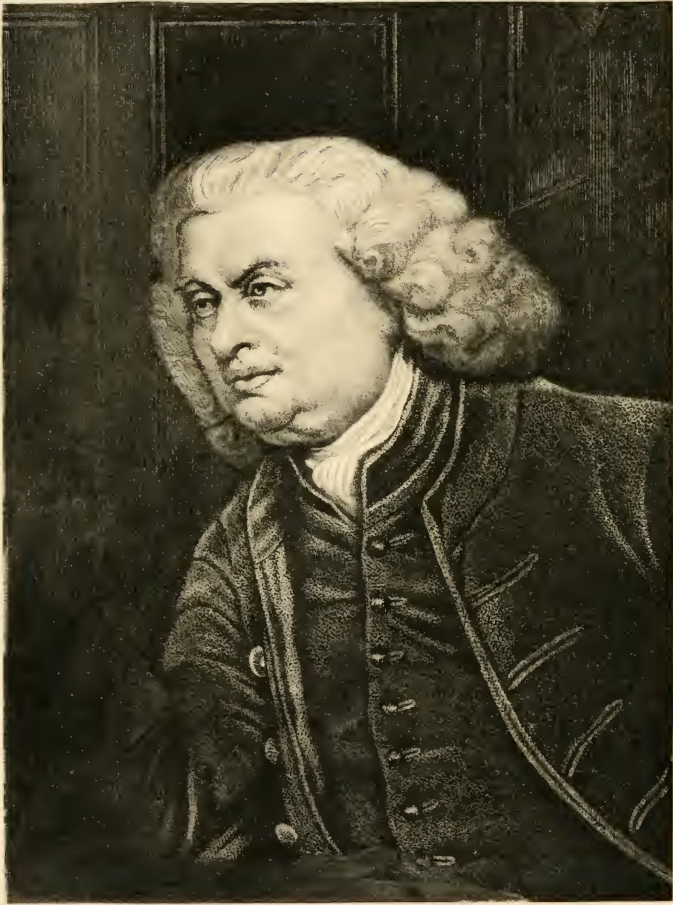
The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am a solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord.

Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,
Sam Johnson.

SAMUEL JOHNSON



Samuel Johnson.



HE critics, I believe, have made a SAMUEL distinction between large men and JOHNSON great men.

Samuel Johnson was both.

He was massive in intellect, colossal in memory, weighed nigh three hundred pounds, and had prejudices to match. He was possessed of a giant's strength, and occasionally used it like a giant—for instance, when he felled an officious bookseller with a folio.

Johnson was most unfortunate in his biographer. In picturing the great writer, Boswell writes more entertainingly than Johnson ever did, and thereby overtops his subject. And when in reply to the intimation that Boswell was going to write his life, Johnson answered, "If I really thought he was, I would take his," he spoke a jest in earnest.

Walking along Market Street in the city of St. Louis, with a friend, not long ago, my comrade suddenly stopped and excitedly pointed out a man across the way—"Look quick—there he goes!" exclaimed my friend, "that man with the derby and duster—see? That's the husband of Mrs.

SAMUEL JOHNSON Lease of Kansas!" And all I could say was, "God help him!"

Not but that Mrs. Lease is a most excellent and amiable lady, but the idea of a man, made in the image of his Maker, being reduced to the social state of a drone bee is most depressing.

Among that worthy class of people referred to somewhat ironically as "the reading public," Boswell is read, but Johnson never. And so sternly true is the fact, that many critics, set on a hair-trigger, aver that were it not for Boswell no one would now know that a writer by the name of Johnson ever lived. But the fact is, Boswell ruined the literary reputation of Johnson, by intimating that Johnson wrote Johnsonese, but that is a mistake.

Johnson never wrote Johnsonese. The piling up of reasons, the cumulation of argument—setting off epigram against epigram, that mark Johnson's literary style are its distinguishing features. He is profound, but always lucid. And lucidity is just what modern Johnsonese lacks. The word was coined by a man who had neither the patience to read Johnson nor the ability to comprehend him. Only sophomores, and private secretaries who write the speeches for Congressmen, write Johnsonese.

Quibblers possibly may arise and present Johnson's definition of network—"anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections," but with the quibbler we have no

time to dally. Some people insist on having their literature illustrated, just as others refuse to attend lectures that are not reinforced by a stereopticon.

Johnson had a style that is stately, dignified, splendid. It moves from point to point with absolute precision, and in it there is seldom anything ambiguous, muddy, misty or uncertain. Get down a volume of "Lives of the Poets," and prove my point for yourself, by opening at any page. It was Boswell who set his own light, chatty & amusing gossip over against the wise, stately diction of Johnson, and allowed Goldsmith to say, "Your little fishes talk like whales—" and the mud ball has stuck. The average man is much more willing to take the wily Boswell's word for it, than to read Johnson for himself.

The precision of Johnson's English cannot fail to delight the student of letters who cares to interest himself in the subject of sentence-building. Johnson handles a thought with such ease! He makes you think of the circus "strong man" who tosses the cannon balls, marked "weight 250 lbs." What if the balls are sometimes only wood painted black! Have we not been entertained? Read this random paragraph:

"Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labor of learning those sciences which may by continuous effort be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he

SAMUEL JOHNSON has upon the works of others ; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of 'critic'."

But the greatest literary light of his day has been thrown into the shadow by a man whom no one suspected of being able to write entertainingly. In the world of letters, the great Cham exists only as a lesser luminary; just as the once noted novelist, George Henry Lewes, is now known as the husband of George Eliot.

And yet no one is so rash as to say that the name of Boswell would now be known were it not for Johnson. And conversely (or otherwise) if it were the proper place, I would show that were it not for George Henry Lewes we would never have had "Adam Bede," or "The Mill on the Floss."

Boswell wrote the best "Life" ever written. Nothing like it was ever written before ; nothing to equal it has been written since. It has had hundreds of imitators, but no competitors. Matthew Arnold said that no man ever had so good a subject, but Arnold for the moment seemed to forget that Hawkins, a professional literary man, published his "Life of Johnson" long before Boswell's was sent to the printer—and who reads Hawkins ?

Surely Boswell had a great subject, and he rises to the level of events and makes the most of it. At times I have wondered if Boswell were not really a genius so great and profound that he was willing to play the fool,

as Edgar in "Lear" plays the maniac, and allow himself to be snubbed (in print) in order to make his telling point! Millionaires can well afford to wear ragged coats. Second rate man Boswell may have been, as he himself so oft admits, yet as a biographer he stands first in the front rank. But suppose his extreme ignorance was only the domino disguising a cleverness so subtle that it was not discovered until after his death! And what if he smiles now, as from out of Elysium he looks and beholds how, as a writer, he eclipsed old Ursa Major, and thus clipped the claws that were ready for any chance Scot that might pass that way!

Mr. John Hay has suggested that possibly the insight, piquancy and calm wisdom of Omar Khayyam are two-thirds essence of FitzGerald. If so the joke is on Omar, not FitzGerald.

A dozen of Johnson's contemporaries wrote about him, and all make him out a profound scholar, a deep philosopher, a facile writer. Boswell by his innocent quoting and recounting makes his conversation outstrip all of his other accomplishments. He reveals the man by the most skillful indirection, and by leaving his guard down, often allows the reader to score a point. And of all devices of writing folk, none is finer than to please the reader by allowing him to pat himself on the back.

If a writer is too clever he repels. Shakespeare avoids the difficulty, and proves himself the master by keeping out of sight; Renan wins by a great show of

SAMUEL
JOHNSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON modesty & deferential fairness ; Boswell assumes an innocence and ignorance that were really not parts of his nature. Every man who reads Boswell considers himself the superior of Boswell, and therefore is perfectly at home. It is not pleasant to be in the society of those who are much your superiors. Any man who sits in the company of Samuel Pepys for a half hour feels a sort of a half patronizing pity for him and therefore is happy, for to patronize is bliss.

If Boswell has reinforced fact with fiction, and given us art for truth, then his character of Samuel Johnson is the most vividly conceived and deeply etched in all the realm of books. But if he gives merely the simple facts, then Boswell is no less a genius, for he has omitted the irrelevant & inconsequential, and by playing off the excellent against the absurd, he has placed his subject among the few great wits who have ever lived— a man who wrote remarkably well, but talked infinitely better.





ONTAIGNE advises young men **SAMUEL JOHNSON** that if they will fall in love, why, to fall in love with women older than themselves. His argument is that a young and pretty woman makes such a demand on a man's time and attention that she is sure, eventually, to wear love to the warp.

So the wise old Frenchman suggests that it is the part of wisdom to give your affection to one who is both plain and elderly—one who is not suffering from a surfeit of love, and one whose head has not been turned by flattery. "Young women," says the philosopher, "demand attention as their right and often flout the giver, whereas old women are very grateful."

Whether Samuel Johnson, of Lichfield, ever read Montaigne or not is a question, but this we know, that when he was twenty-six he married the Widow Porter, aged forty-nine.

Assuming that Johnson had read Montaigne and was mindful of his advice, there were other excellent reasons why he did not link his fortunes with those of a young and pretty woman.

Johnson in his youth, as well as throughout life, was a Grind of the pure type. The Grind is a fixture, a few being found at every University, even unto this day. The present writer, once in a book of fiction, founded

SAMUEL JOHNSON on fact, took occasion to refer to the genus Grind, with Samuel Johnson in mind, as follows: He is poor in purse, but great in frontal development.

He goes to school because he wishes to, (no one ever "sent" a Grind to college). He has a sallow skin, a watery eye, a shambling gait, but he has the facts. His clothes are outgrown, his coat shiny, his linen a dull ecru, his hands clammy. He reads a book as he walks, and when he bumps into you he always exculpates himself in Attic Greek.

This absent-mindedness and habit of reading on the street, affords the Sport (another college type) great opportunity for the playing of pranks. It is very funny to walk along in front of a Grind who is reading as he walks, and then suddenly stop and stoop, and let the Grind fall over you; for the innocent Grind, thinking he has been in fault, is ever profuse in apologies.

Many years ago there was a Grind. A party of Sports saw him approaching, deeply immersed in his book. "Look you," quoth the chief of the Sports—"look you and observe him fall over me."

And they looked.

Onward blindly trudged the Grind, reading as he came. The Sport stepped ahead of him, stooped, and——one big foot of the Grind shot out and kicked him into the gutter. Then the Grind continued his walk and his reading without saying a word.

This incident is here recorded for the betterment of

the Young, to show them that things are not always what they seem. **SAMUEL JOHNSON**

Samuel Johnson, I have said, was a Grind of the pure type. He was so near-sighted that he fell over chairs in drawing rooms, and so awkward that his long arms occasionally brushed the bric-a-brac from mantels. No lady's train was safe if he were in the room. At gatherings of young people if Johnson appeared, his presence was at once the signal for mirth, of which he was, of course, the unconscious object.

Johnson's face was scarred by the King's Evil, that even the touch of Queen Anne had failed to cure. While a youth he talked aloud to himself, a privilege that should be granted only to those advanced in years. He would grunt out prayers and expletives at uncertain times, keep up a clucking sound with his tongue, sway his big body from side to side, and drum a tattoo upon his knee. Now and again would come a suppressed whistle, and then a low humming sound, backed up by a vacant non compos mentis smile.

This most strange young man was a boarder in the home of Mrs. Porter, when her husband was alive, and the husband and boarder had been fast friends—drawn together by a bookish bias.

Very naturally when the husband passed away, the boarder sought to console the bereaved landlady, and the result was as usual. And when, long years after, Johnson would solemnly explain that it was a pure love-match on both sides, the statement never failed to

SAMUEL JOHNSON excite much needless and ill-suppressed merriment on the part of the listeners.

Unlike most literary men Johnson was domestic, and his marriage was one of the most happy events of his career. But to show that the philosophy of Montaigne is not infallible, and that all signs fail in dry weather, it might be stated that the bride proved by her conduct on her wedding day that she had some relish of the saltness of time in her cosmos, despite her fifty summers and as many hard winters.

Said Johnson to Boswell, referring to the horseback ride home after the wedding ceremony: "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; & I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; & I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears."





HORTLY after his marriage, **SAMUEL JOHNSON**

opened a private school for boys. To operate a private school successfully implies a certain amount of skill in the management of parents; but Johnson's uncouth manners and needlessly blunt speech were appalling to those who had children who might possibly be given to imitation.

Only three pupils were secured, and but one of these received any benefit from the tutor; and this benefit came, according to the scholar, from the master's supplying an excellent object for ridicule.

This pupil's name was David Garrick.

The meeting with David Garrick was a pivotal point in the life of Johnson. Johnson's mental and spiritual existence flowed on, separate and apart, from that of his wife. There was no meeting of the waters. His affection for her was most tender and constant, but in quality it seemed to differ but slightly from the sentiment he entertained toward "Hodge," his cat.

Hodge was fed on oysters that his owner could ill afford; and after Johnson had spent the little fortune that belonged to his wife, the lady was regaled on the best and choicest that his income, or credit, could secure. But if one of those lightning flashes of wit ever escaped him in her direction we do not know it. Garrick evidently was the first flint that tried his steel.

SAMUEL JOHNSON The distinctions of teacher and scholar were soon lost between these two, and the lessons took the turn of a fusillade of wit. They made comments on the authors they read, and comments on the people they met, and criticised each other with cantharides remarks that tested friendship to its extremest limit. And this continual skirmish that would have made sworn foes of common men in a day revealed to each that the other had the element of unexpectedness in his nature and was worth loving.

Humor and melancholy go hand in hand ; both are born of an extreme sensitiveness, and the man who smiles at the trivial misfits of life realizes also that all men who tread the earth are living under a sentence of death, and that Fate has merely allowed them an indefinite, but limited reprieve.

At the outset of Johnson's career, one cannot but see that the companionship and nimble wit of Garrick saved his ponderous and melancholy mind from going into bankruptcy.

And now we find them, one twenty-eight, big, near-sighted, theoretical, blundering ; and the other twenty-one, slight, active, graceful, practical. They were alike in this : they both loved books and were possessed of the eager, earnest, receptive mind. To possess the hospitable mind ! For what greater blessing can one pray !

And then they were alike in other respects—they were desperately poor ; neither had an income ; neither had

a profession ; both were ambitious. Johnson had written a tragedy—"Irene"—and he had read it to Garrick several times, and Garrick said it was good and should make a hit. But Garrick did n't know much about tragedies—law was his bent—he had read law for two years, off and on. They would go to London and seize fortune by the scalp-lock. In London good lawyers were needed, and London was the only place for a playwright.

They scraped together their pennies, borrowed a few more, got a single letter of introduction between them to some person of unknown influence and started away, with the lachrymose blessings of the elderly bride, and Davy's mother.

They must have been a queer sight when the stage let them down at the Strand—dusty, dirty, tired and scared by the babel of sounds & sights ! And no doubt Johnson's enormous size saved them from sundry insults and divers taunts that otherwise might have come their way.

Those first few weeks in London were given to staring into shop windows and wandering, open-mouthed, up and down. No one wanted the tragedy—the managers all sniffed at it. Little then did Davy dream, as they made their way from the office of one theatre manager to that of another, that he himself would some day own a theatre and give the discarded play its first setting. And little did he think that he would yet be the foremost actor of his time, and his awkward mate the

SAMUEL JOHNSON literary dictator of London. Oh! this game of life is a great play! The blissful uncertainty of it all! The ambitions, plans, strivings, heartaches, mad desires and vain reachings out of empty arms! The tears, the bitter disappointments, the sleepless nights, the echoes of prayers unheard, and the hollow hopelessness of love turned to hate!

And then mayhap we do as Emerson did, go out into the woods, and all the trees say, "Why so hot, my little man."

Garrick, disappointed and undone at the thought of defeat in his chosen profession, turned to commercial life, & then to the theatre. At his first stage appearance he trembled with diffidence and all but fled in fright. He persevered, for he could do nothing else. He arose step by step, and honors, wealth and fame were his. Love came to him, he wedded the woman of his choice. And after his death she survived for forty-three years. She lived one hundred years, lacking two. Garrick was born in 1716; his wife died in 1822, which seems to bring the times of Johnson pretty close home to us. Throughout her long life, she lived in the memory of the love that had been hers, cherishing and protecting, idolizing, as did Mary Shelley, the one name and that alone.

Johnson and Garrick thoroughly respected and admired each other, yet they often quarrelled—they quarrelled to the last. But when Davy had lain him down in his last sleep, aged sixty-three, it was Johnson, aged

seventy, who wrote his epitaph, introducing into it the **SAMUEL**
deathless sentence * * * "by that stroke of **JOHNSON**
death which has eclipsed the gaiety of
nations, and impoverished the
public stock of harm-
less pleasure."





THREE months in London and Johnson succeeded in getting work on the editorial staff of "The Gentlemen's Magazine." Prosperity smiled, not exactly a broad grin, but the expression was something better than a stony, forbidding stare.

He made haste to go back to Lichfield after his "Letty," which name, by the way, is an improvement on Betty, Betsy or Tetsy—being baby-talk for Elizabeth.

They took modest lodgings in a third floor, back, off Fleet Street, and Johnson began that life of struggle against debt, ridicule and unkind condition that was to continue for forty-seven years; never out of debt, never free from attacks of enemies; a life of wordy warfare and inky broadsides against cant, affectation and untruth—with the weapons of his dialectics always kept well burnished by constant use; hated & loved; jeered and praised; feared and idolized.

Coming out of his burrow one dark night, he encountered an old beggar-woman who importuned him for alms. He was brushing past her, when one of her exclamations caught his ear. "Sir," said the woman, "I am an old struggler!"

"Madam," replied Johnson, "so am I!" And he gave her his last sixpence.

But life in London was cheap in those days—it is now

if you know how to do it, or else have to. Johnson **SAMUEL
JOHNSON** used to maintain that for thirty pounds a year one could live like a gentleman, and as proof would quote an imaginary acquaintance who argued that ten pounds a year for clothes would keep a man in good appearance; a garret could be hired for eighteen pence a week, and if anyone asked your address you could reply, "I am to be found in such a place." Three pence laid out at a coffee-house would enable one to pass some hours a day in good company; dinner might be had for six-pence and supper you could do without. On clean-shirt day you could go abroad and call on your lady friends. Among Johnson's first literary tasks in London was the work of reporting the debates in Parliament. In order that the best possible results might be obtained he resorted to the rather unique, but not entirely original, method of not attending Parliament at all. Two or three young men would be sent to listen to the debates; they would make notes giving the general drift of the argument, and Johnson would write out the speech. His style was exactly suited to this kind of work, being eminently oratorical. And as at the time no public record of proceedings was kept and Parliament did not allow the press the liberty it now possesses—all being sort of clouded in mysterious awe—these reports of debates were eagerly sought after. To avoid the law, a fictitious name was given the speaker, or his initials used in a way that the individual could be easily recognized by the reading public.

SAMUEL JOHNSON Some of Johnson's best work was done at this time, and in several instances the speaker, not slow to appreciate a good thing, allowed the matter to be reissued as his own. Long years after, a certain man was once praising the speeches of Lord Chesterfield and was led on to make explanations. He did so, naming two speeches, one of which he zealously declared had the style of Cicero, the other that of Demosthenes. Johnson becalmed the speaker by agreeing with him as to the excellence of the speeches, and then adding, "I wrote them."

The gruffness of Ursa Major should never be likened to that of the Sage of Chelsea. Carlyle vented his spleen on the nearest object, as irate gentlemen sometimes kick at the cat; but Johnson merely sparred for points. When Miss Monckton undertook to refute his statements as to the shallowness of Sterne by declaring that "Tristram Shandy" affected her to tears, Johnson rolled himself in contortions, smiled an exasperating grimace and replied, "Why, dearest, that is because you are a dunce!" Afterward, when reproached for the remark, he replied, "Madam, if I had thought so, I surely would not have said it."

Once, at the house of Garrick, to the terror of everyone, Burke contradicted Johnson flatly, and Johnson's good sense and good nature revealed themselves by no show of resentment. An equally exciting, but harmless occasion, was the only time that the author of "Rasselas" met the man who wrote the "Wealth of

Nations." Johnson called Adam Smith a liar, & Smith promptly handed back an epithet not in the Dictionary. Nevertheless, old Ursa spoke in affectionate praise of "Adam," as he called him, thereafter, thus recognizing the right of the other man to be frank if he cared to. Johnson wanted no privilege that he was not willing to grant to others.

When Blair asked Johnson if he thought any modern man could have written "Ossian," Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children." And if Blair took umbrage at the remark, so much the worse for Blair.

We have recently heard of the Boston lady who died and went to Heaven, and on being questioned by an arch-angel as to how she liked it, replied languidly, "Very, very beautiful it all is!" And then sighed and added, "But it is not Boston!" This story seems to illustrate that all tales have their prototype, for Boswell tells of taking Dr. Johnson out to Greenwich Park, and saying, "Now, now, is n't this fine!" But Johnson would not enthuse; he only grunted, "All very fine—but it's not Fleet Street."

On another occasion when a Scotchman was dilating on the noble prospects to be enjoyed among the hills of Scotland, Johnson called a halt by saying, "Sir, let me tell you that the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England."

This seems to display a terrible hatred toward Scotland, and several Scots, with their usual plentiful lack

SAMUEL JOHNSON of wit have so solemnly written it down. But the more sensible way is to conclude that the situation simply afforded opportunity for a little harmless banter.

Another equally undisputable proof of prejudice is shown when Boswell tells Johnson of the wonderful preaching of a Quaker woman. Johnson listened in grim, cold silence and then exclaimed, "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on its hind legs. It is not done well ; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

One of the leading encyclopedias, I see, says, " Dr. Johnson was one of the greatest conversationalists of all time." The writer evidently does not distinguish between talk, conversation and harangue. Johnson could talk and he often harangued, but he was not a conversationalist. Neither could he address a public assemblage, and I do not find that he ever attempted it. Good talkers are seldom orators. One reads with smiles colored by pity, of Carlyle's sleepless nights and cold, terror-clothed anticipations of his Lord Rector's speech. In deliberative gatherings a very small man could apply the snuffers to the great Dictator of Letters.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a talkative politician, at a dinner party, " I perceive you are a vile Whig," & then he proceeded to demolish him. Yet Johnson himself was a Whig, although he never knew it ; just as he was a liberal in religion, and yet was boastful of being a staunch Churchman.

Johnson's irritability never vented itself against the

helpless. His charity knew no limit—not even the bottom of his purse—when he had no money to give, he borrowed it. And when his pension was three hundred pounds a year, the Thrales could not figure out that he spent more than seventy or eighty on himself. The rest went to his dependents. In his latter days his home was a regular museum of waifs and strays. There was Miss Williams, the ancient aristocratic spinster who came to London to have an operation performed on one of her eyes. She came to Johnson's home and remained ten years, because she had been a friend of his wife's. This claim was enough and she slid into the head place in Johnson's household. Her peevishness used to drive the old man, at times, into the street, but that tongue of his, with its crushing retorts, was ever silent and tender towards her. The poor creature became blind, and used to shock the finicky Boswell by testing the fullness of the teacups with her finger.

Then there was a Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter, who drifted down from Lichfield and came to Johnson because forty years before he, too, had lived in Lichfield. He gave them house-room, treated them as guests, and each week left a half-guinea on the mantel of their room.

Then there was the broken down Levett, and Francis Barber, who, coming as a servant, remained as one of the family, because he was too old to work. A Miss Carmichael, in green spectacles and bombazine, carrying a cane, completed what the Doctor called his

SAMUEL "seraglio." Writing to Mrs. Thrale in playful mood telling of his household troubles, he says, "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, & does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them." And he, the great, gruff and mighty Ursa Major, listened to all their woes, caring for them in sickness, wiping the death-dew from their foreheads, wearing crape upon his sleeve for them when dead.





HIS man tasted all the fame that **SAMUEL JOHNSON**

is one man's due ; he had all the money he needed, or knew how to use ; the coveted LL. D. came from his Alma Mater ; and the patronage from Lord Chesterfield, for which he craved, only that he might fling it back. He was the friend and confidant of the great and proud, deferred to by the King & sought out by those who prized the far reaching mind and subtle imagination—the things that link us with the Infinite. The fear of hell and dread of death that haunted him in youth and middle age, finally gave way to faith and trust. When partial paralysis came to him at midnight, his sanity did not fail him & knowing the worst, he yet hesitated to disturb the other members of the household, but went to sleep, philosophizing on the phenomena of the case—alert for more knowledge, as was his wont. Morning came and being speechless, he wrote on his ever ready pad of paper and handing the sheet to his servant, watched with amused glances the perplexity and terror of the man. He next wrote to his friend, Mrs. Thrale, that letter, a classic of wit and resignation, wherein he explains his condition and excuses himself for not calling upon her and explaining the matter by word of mouth.

Such willingness to accept the inevitable is curative. He grew better and recovered his speech. But old age

SAMUEL JOHNSON is a disease that has no cure save death. Johnson accepted the issue as a brave man should—thankful for the taste of conscious life that had been his. When the last hour was nigh he sent loving messages to his closest friends, repeating their names over one by one. His last recorded words were directed to a young woman who called upon him, “God bless you, my dear.” And so he passed painlessly and quietly into the sleep that knows no waking, pleased at last to know that his dust would rest in Westminster Abbey.

Thus ended, as the day dies out of the western sky, this life, seemingly so full of tempest and contradiction. The hours of his life were full of enjoyment, and no day passed but that someone, weak, weary and worn, arose and called him blessed. Most of his wild imprecations and blustering contradictions were reserved for those who fattened on such things, and who came to be tossed and gored. In his spirit Socrates and Falstaff joined hands. In his life there was a deal of gladness—far, far more than of misery and unrest; which fact I believe is true of every life.

The Universe seems planned for good.

A world made up of such men as Samuel Johnson would be a wild chaos of tasks undone. But since Nature has never sent but one such man, and more than a century has passed since his death and we know not yet with whom to compare him, we need have no fears. The world is held in place through the opposition of forces: and the body of every healthy man is the

battle ground of animal organisms that match strength against strength. So, too, a healthy society always has these strong and sturdy organisms, which set in play other forces that hold in check their seeming excess. That the Divine Energy should incarnate itself & find expression in the form of man, and that this man should inspire others to think and write, to do and dare, is a subject, the contemplation of which should make us stand uncovered. The companionship of Johnson inspired Reynolds to better painting; Garrick to stronger acting; Burke to more accurate thinking—and hundreds of others, too, quenched their thirst at the rock which he smote whenever he discoursed or wrote.

SAMUEL
JOHNSON

Sympathy is the first essential to insight. So with sympathy, I pray, behold this blundering giant, and you will see that the basis of his character was a great Sincerity. He was honest—doggedly honest—and saw with flashing vision the thing that was, and thither he followed, crowding, pushing, knocking down whatsoever opinion or prejudice was in the way. And so he ever struggled forward. But hate him not, for he is thy brother, yea! he is brother to all who strive and reach forward toward the Ideal. Shining through dust and disorder, now victorious, now eclipsed in deepest gloom, in him is the light of genius; and this is never base, but at the worst is admirable, lovable with pity. There was pride in his heart, but no vanity; and he should be loved for this if for no other reason: he had the courage to make an enemy. In his great heart were

SAMUEL wild burstings of affection, and a hunger for love that
JOHNSON only the grave requited. There, too, were fierce
flashes of wrath, smothered in an hour by the
soft dew of pity. His faults & follies were
manifold, as he oft lamented with
tears, but the soul of the man was
sublime in its qualities ; world-
wide in its influence.



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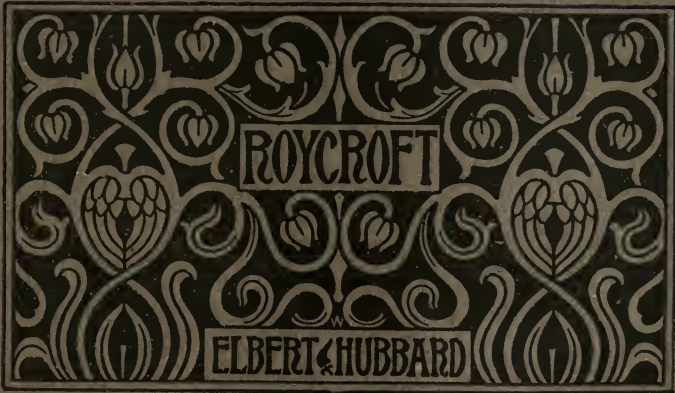
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